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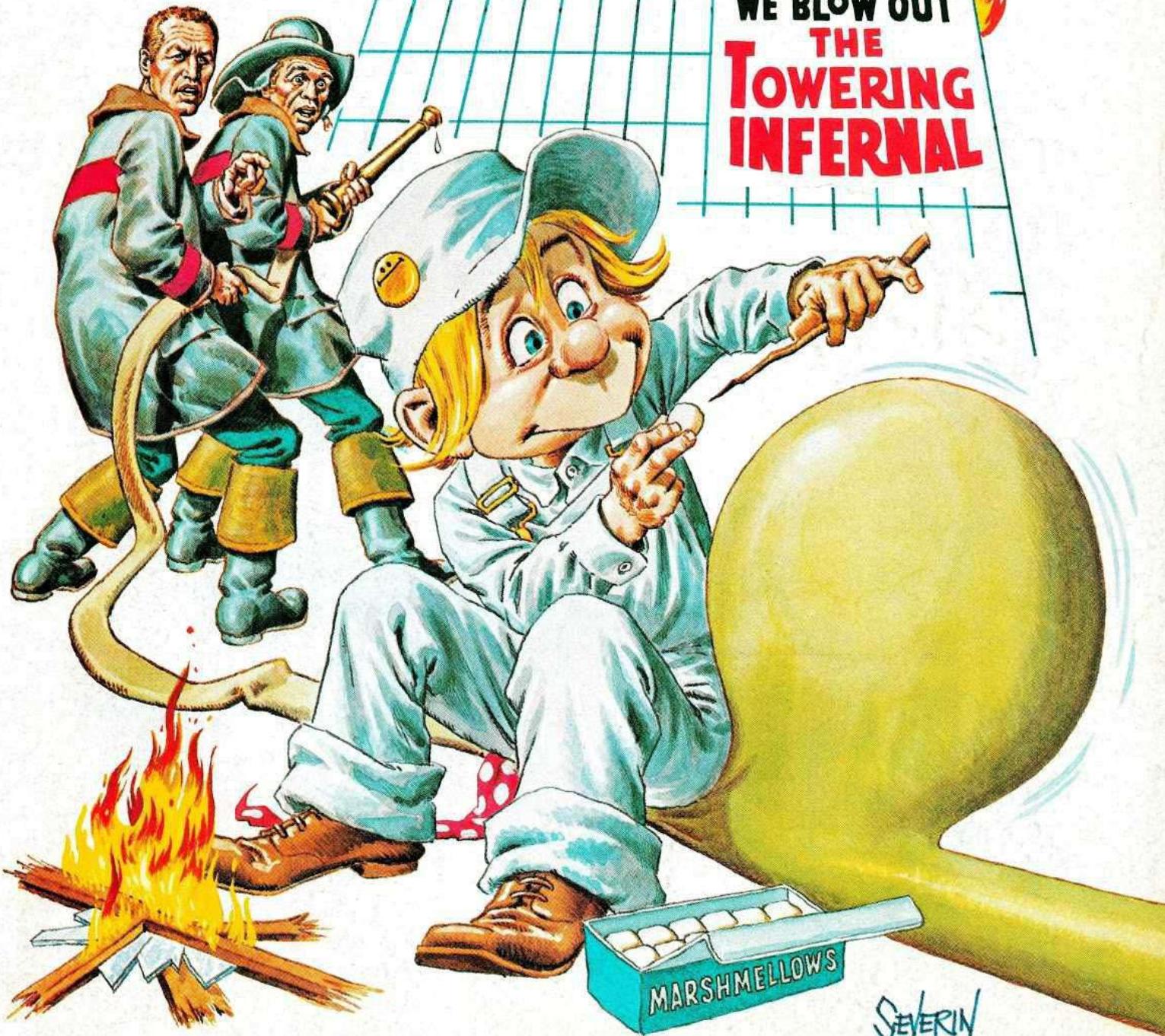
SOMETHING
FUNNY

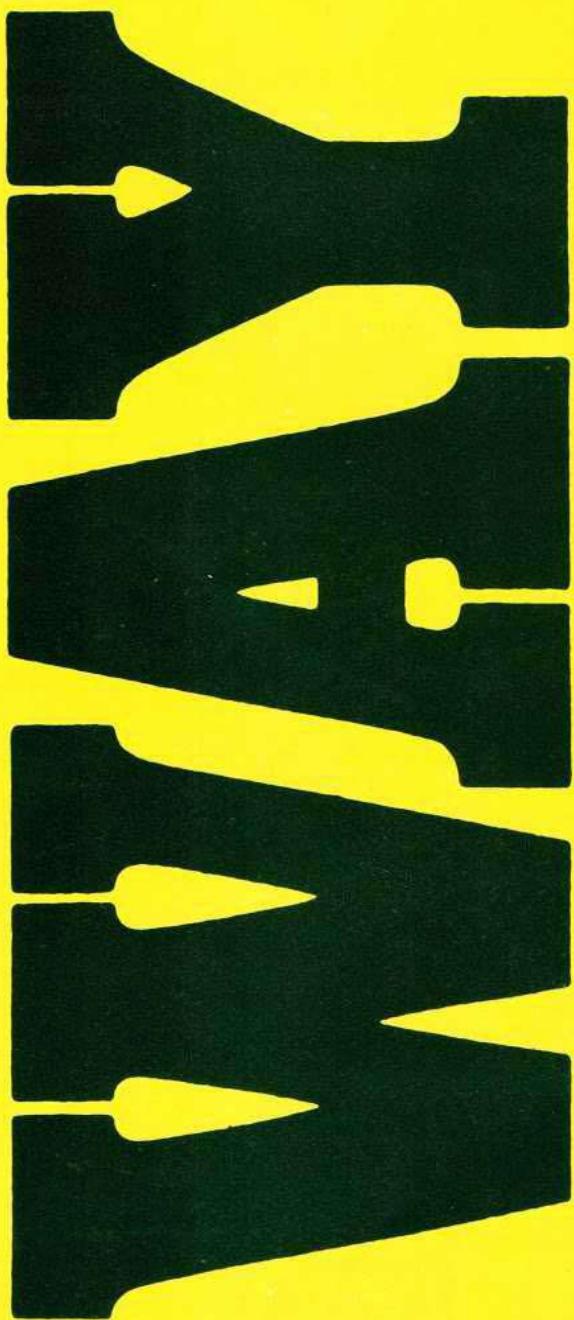
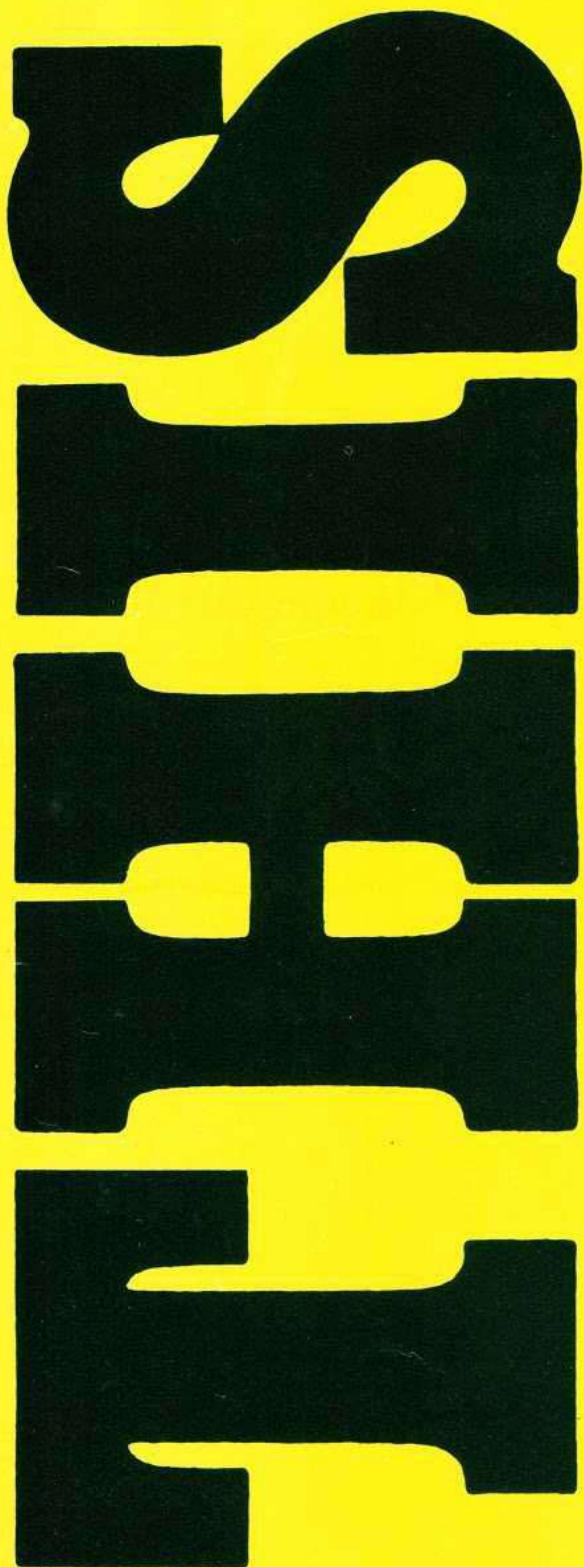
CRACKED

MAZAGINE

AUGUST
No. 126

WE BLOW OUT
**THE
TOWERING
INFERNAL**





CRACKED

THE WORLD'S
HUMOREST
FUNNY
MAGAZINE

ROBERT C. SPROUL, editor and publisher
ALLAN KURZROK, production editor
STEVE HOLLIS, associate editor

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Carefully detach complete cover at
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AUGUST 1975 No. 126

WHAT'S UP FRONT
OUR COVER

Wow, Sylvester, what a time for a snack! Well, perhaps you're right. You might as well make use of the free energy while you have the chance. Tell us, what are you going to do with the energy you get when the hose explodes??!



THIS WAY OUT

IF YOU WANT IN,
GO AROUND TO THE
BACK OF THIS SIGN



LETUCE from our Readers



ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I have found a mistake in CRACKED #121. On page 29, top-left, Columbo has a watch on his left hand, but on page 32, bottom-right, his watch is gone. Can you explain this?

Jan-Olaf Johansson
Djursholm, Sweden

Dear Jan-Olaf and the rest of the family,

Columbo complained to us too! But he's the detective, so we told him to find out for himself.

Upon checking, however, we found that the watch in question was, in fact, shown twice. In the panel you refer to (on page 32) it is undoubtedly under his shirt cuff. For this you wrote all the way from Sweden? Please clean off your microscope before your write to us again!

Dear CRACKED,

I read "Earthshake" and thought it was hilarious. How do you guys keep thinking of such clever spoofs on movies? Your magazine is the greatest, so I know it won't go to your heads when I tell you what you already must know.

Steve Figlow
(and his brothers Nick & Tom)
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Figlow(s),

Don't count on it. We've spent the last hour trying to get our hats on, but it's no-go. We're glad you liked "Earthshake," but in the future please send us only insulting letters, so we can get dressed properly. By the way, your name sounds like a tropical fruit. (And spelled backwards, it's "Wol-gif".)



Dear Dummies,

About your poor spelling. On every issue of your magazine, you spell magazine this way: "mazagine." Why don't you guys wisen up?

A Fan—Matthew Tumminello
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Fan Matthew,

We showed your correction to our prouf readr and he said we were both wrong. The word "mazagine" or "magazine" is actually spelled: p-e-r-i-o-d-i-c-a-l.



Dear CRACKED,

I liked the version of 'Planet of the Apes.' Now I would like to see you do 'The Planet of the Prunes.'

Tom Towns
Saginaw, Mich.

Great Idea Tom,

Glad we thought of it. By the way, did you have in mind 'The Planet of the Stewed Prunes,' 'Dried Prunes,' or Prune Danish?

Dear CRACKED,

I thought the "Six Billion Dollar Man" was so funny that I read it a million times.

Joey Fox
South Orange, N.J.



Dear Joey,

How come you didn't read it a billion times? We've never been so insulted in our lives. Seriously, glad you liked it. Wait'll you see what we've got planned for future issues.

IRON-ONS

**IF YOU'RE
CRACKED**



YOU'RE HAPPY!

Simply enclose \$1.00 for each IRON-ON, enclose your name and address and send to: CRACKED IRON-ONS—235 Park Ave., South—New York, N.Y. 10003

Dear CRACKED,

I'm writing for my sister. She's still reading "Earthshake" (#125) and is laughing too much to do anything. Are you going to do anything else like that again?

Christine & Jennifer Austin
Columbus, Ohio

Dear Loving Sisters,

We were thinking that "Earthshake" might be too immense to ever be shown on television, so we were thinking about doing a mini version for home-screening entitled: "Milkshake." Does it sound good?



Dear CRACKED,

I read your magazine all the time and think it is even better than comical books. I was thinking about leaving home and coming up there to tell you how to make it even greater. What do you say? (I don't want to send my ideas through the mail, because they might fall into enemy hands.)

Groovy Gary Friedrich
Jackson, Mo.

Dear Grooves,

Unless you want to spend \$300 a month for an apartment, or don't mind sleeping on a desk (with a typewriter on it), we suggest you stay where you are. Even if you telephoned us, somebody might be tapping the line and grab your ideas. It looks like you'll just have to keep them to yourself. Unless you could work out some sort of code...

Dear CRACKED Dudes,

Man, I'm CRACKED. But even for me, your magazine is far out. I flipped out over the "Six Billion Dollar Man" (#120) and the rest of your articles. Why don't you print CRACKED every 2 weeks?

Jeff Schuler
Noahs, Ark.

Dear Mr. Kool,

Glad you dig our mag. You sound like our kind of guy: you're far-out, right on and glitzy. We do print every 2 weeks, but all the other copies are sent directly to Tibet, where they are used by local folk to feed the abominable snowman.

Dear CRACKED,

I love your great magazine but can't concentrate on reading it since my Uncle Willie (who lives with us) is always practicing on his machine-gun outside my window. I can't wait till next Monday when he and my Aunt Bertha go to the bank, so I can finish my reading in peace and quiet.

Joanna Berger
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Joanna,

You either have a very vivid imagination or a lot of trouble on your hands. Perhaps if you could get your Aunt and Uncle to read our magazine, they'd be too busy laughing to go into the banking business.

Dear CRACKED,

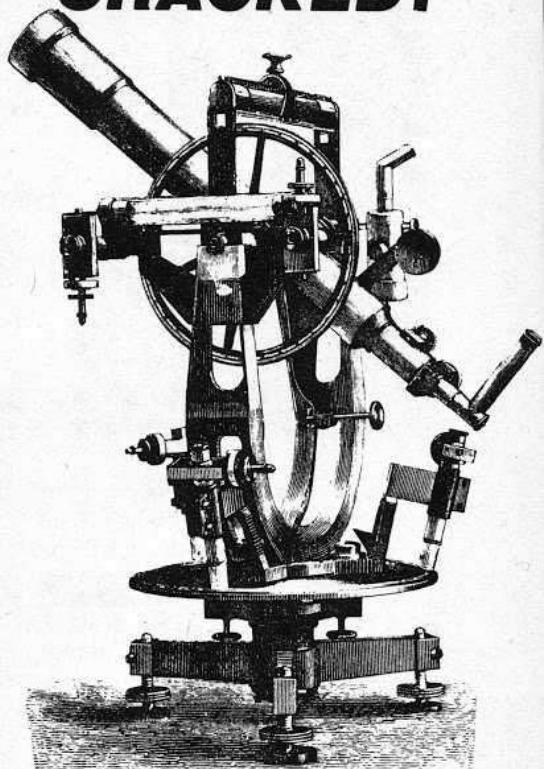
I just got your latest issue, and while I was reading it, my brother asked me to please hurry because he wanted to read it. Since he bought it for me to begin with, what should I do?

Steve Villarreal
Minot, N. Dakota

Dear Stevo,

The way we see it, you've got three choices: 1) Let him read it, but charge him the cover price 2) Laugh at him and continue reading 3) Share it with him the way he did with you.

How Do You Get CRACKED?



It has come to our attention that some of you are getting CRACKED by purchasing telescopes like this, then spying on your local library or newsstand!

Honestly, it's much more fun (and cheaper) to clip the coupon below and subscribe now. It's fun to get your copy in the mail and lots less trouble than a telescope!

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Here's my FOUR DOLLARS.
Please put me on your subscription list real fast. I want lots of large laughs!

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8 Issues — \$4.00
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NEXT ISSUE...CRACKED #127
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
JUNE 10th



Hey gang. Sit back because we've got a real hot article for you next that's matchless entertainment. After a heated discussion in our flaming red office over where we should put this next article, we decided that below this introduction would be a great place. So now—watch out—because here comes our version of

The Towering Infernal

Dug Robbers, you made it back in time for the big dedication.

Of course, Y.Y. As an architect of the Yo Yo Building that you erected, I felt I had to be here.

Well, you won't regret it. I'm planning to celebrate this skyscraper's completion in a blaze of glory.

Here we are.

SEVERIN —

The stars of the movie...

Spark and Fire.

OLD RAGS TO START FIRES WITH
TWO DOZEN

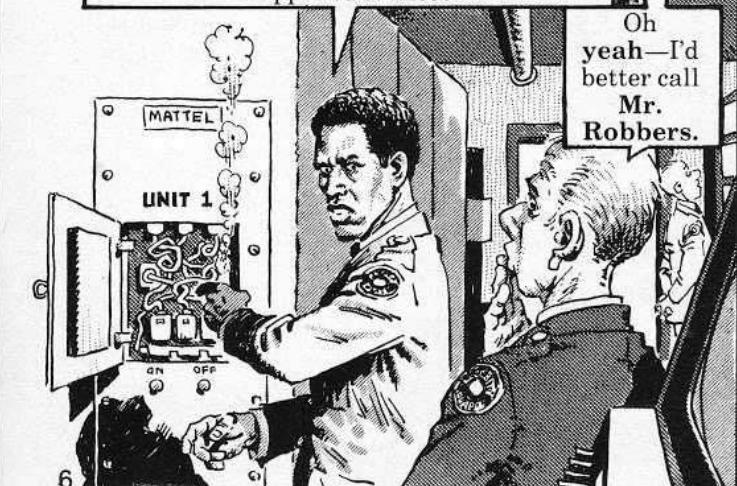
Hey, come back here quick. This unit just sparked up.

Don't worry. You've seen the building's slogan: "We build for life!"

Yeah, but don't you remember what happened to Life?



Oh yeah—I'd better call Mr. Robbers.



Where's Botcher, that bumbling idiot son-in-law of yours?

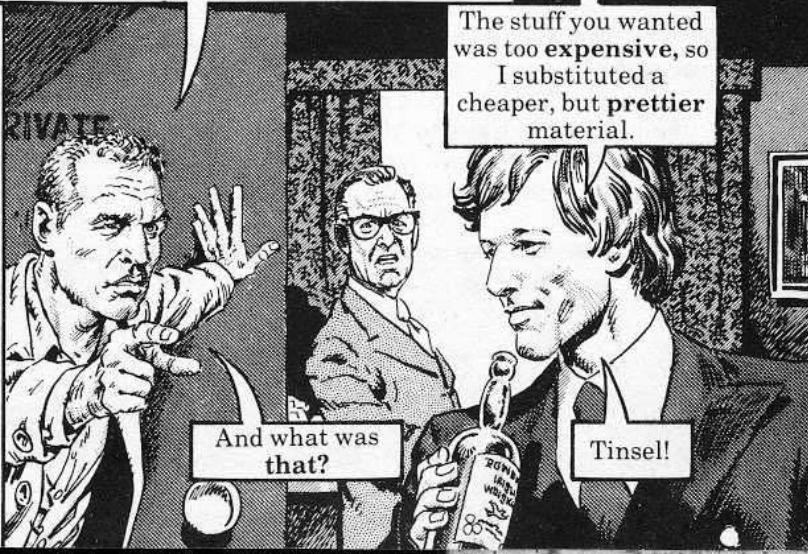
Right here Dug. What's the matter?

Did you use wiring less than my specifications?

The stuff you wanted was too expensive, so I substituted a cheaper, but prettier material.

And what was that?

Tinsel!



stickup—send me \$50,000!"
CRACKED is telephoning a bank and saying, "This is a

Well, **Mayor Raunchy**. Here's the golden
scissors to cut the **ribbon** with.

Mayor, aren't you going to
dedicate the **building**?

Sure am. I dedicate this building to
Lynn and Phil who've been going
together for 7 years. Best of luck
and now, let's make this next
one a **lady's choice**.

Senator Paker, glad you could make it to the party.

I wouldn't miss a chance to make a speech.

And I've got something special for
you—a case of 1927 . . .

A case of 1927! I thought all the
wine made that year was **gone**.

Miss Stencil, would you please
come into my office for some
dictation.

Mr. Bungalow, at this hour it's not
dictation you're after—it's **me**. I bet
you wanna chase me around the
office.

Untrue, Miss
Stencil. I wanna
catch you!

It is—you didn't let me finish. This is a
case of nineteen hundred and
twenty-seven tins of **Meow Meal** for
your wife.

Is this where you spotted the black
smoke on the closed-circuit T.V.?

Yes, sir.

Well, we'll take a look. There's probably
nothing to be afraid of, but to play it **safe**,
wait ten seconds before you open the door.

Why?

OLD TIME SAYING
COURTESY OF
CRACKED
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE !!

It'll take me that long to hide
around the **corner**.

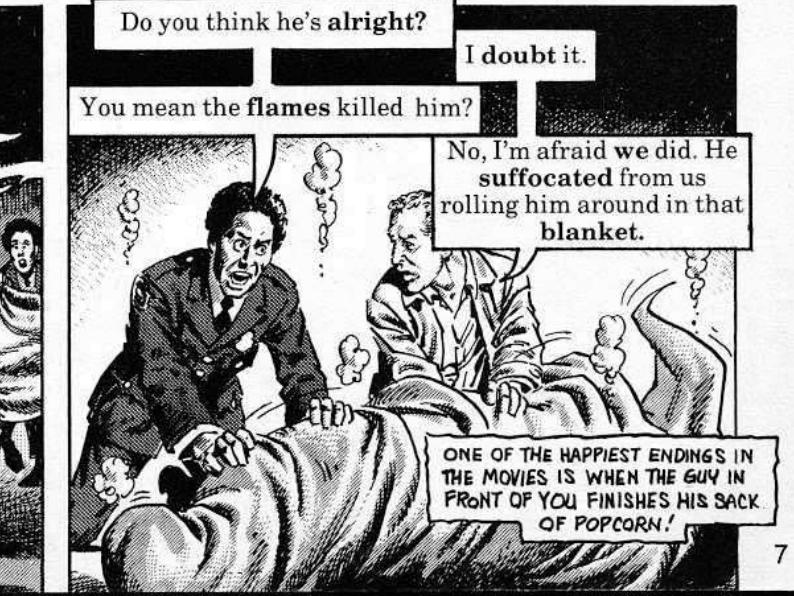
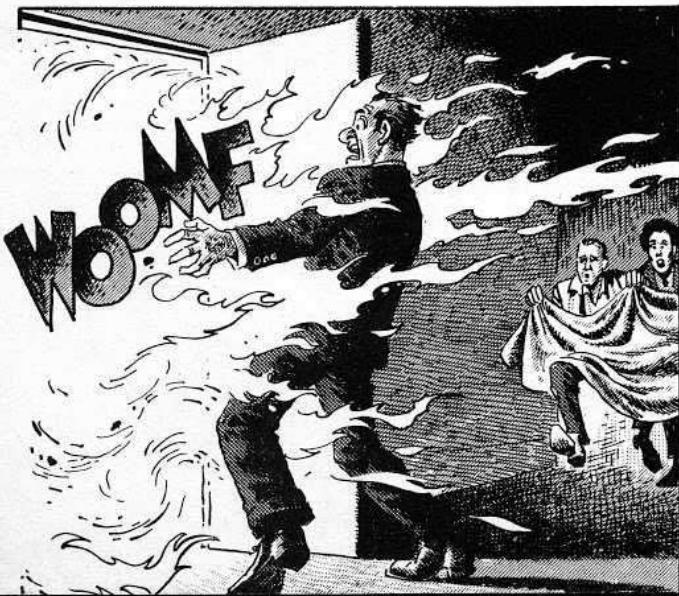
Do you think he's alright?

I doubt it.

You mean the **flames** killed him?

No, I'm afraid we did. He
suffocated from us
rolling him around in that
blanket.

ONE OF THE Happiest ENDINGS IN
THE MOVIES IS WHEN THE GUY IN
FRONT OF YOU FINISHES HIS SACK
OF POPCORN!



YO-YO

BUILDING

I'm Chief O'Hollerin—what'd you call us about?

Oh, I thought it was something **urgent**. All right, I'll need the blueprints of the **building**, a list of all the tenants and their **occupations**, your floor plans, your ceiling plans, your dental records, a machete, two goats, a yak and a **flashlight** and **mirror**.

There's a fire.



forgetting what it was!

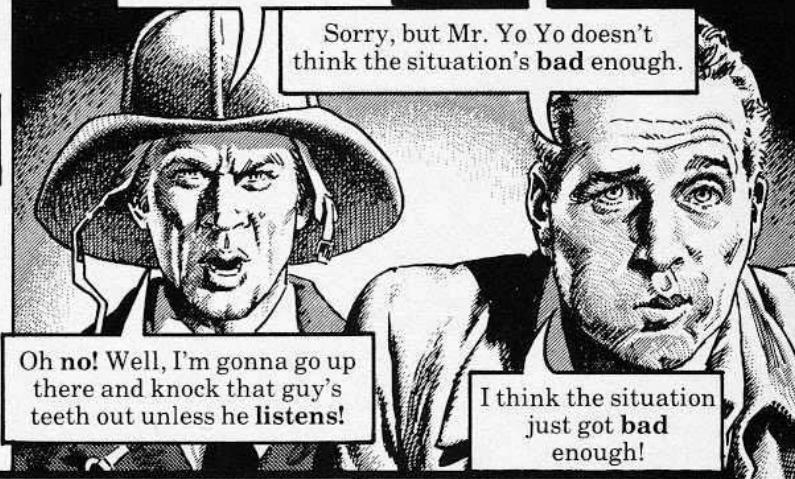
CRAKED is discovering a cure for amnesia then

Is there anyone in this building?

Just a few tenants and 381 people at a party on the **top floor**.

Well, get 'em down.

Sorry, but Mr. Yo Yo doesn't think the situation's **bad** enough.



5

75

2017

HEAVEN

This is a tall building!

Mr. Yo Yo, we've got a fire and I'm **demanding** that you clear this **building**. Right now only 108 floors are affected, but before it gets **big**, we'd like to have everyone **out** of here. Now, to avoid a **panic**, what I'd like you to do is to announce an evacuation in a calm way.

Ladies and gentlemen, may I have your attention **please**. Before we go into the Pepto Bismol room for dinner, I have an **announcement** to make—**FIRE!**

Are you wearing a smoke-scented after-shave, Don?

Why no, Miss Stencil.

Then I think the room next door is on fire. You know what this **means**, don't you?

Sure do. It means I have a lot less time to **catch** you.

All right, I need **two men** to go up to the party where all the **booze**, **women** and **fun** is, to free a stuck fire door. Any **volunteers**?

I'll go! I'll go!



The elevator's busted—you'll have to climb 876 sets of stairs.

He'll go! He'll go!

I got you and the two kids away from floor 81 just in time, but we're still in trouble. While escaping, the stairway blew up. I managed to get your brother down and now I'll try you. Think you can hold me tightly around the neck while I climb down these pipes?

I'll try.

CRACKED is tipping a process server!

That's a little too tight!

Oh my! A helpless pussy cat. I'll save you boy. Wait. Why risk carrying you through the flames? Instead I'll toss you out the window. It's a known fact that cats always land feet first.

... except when they're up 91 floors.

Look, that man just came bursting out of the fire exit in flames.

That's disgusting.

I'll say. I hate party crashers.

Sir, we've located the Navy helicopters you wanted, but they're unable to land on the roof.

Why?

The building is so high, they keep running out of gas before they get there.

THE REASON SO MANY WOMEN HAVE MINK COATS IS THAT HUSBANDS GIVE IN BEFORE WIVES GIVE UP!

And Dug is coming in through that pipe shaft.

Doesn't anyone know how to use the door?

CRACKED is having a goldfish that looks like you!

All right, in a few minutes we're gonna evacuate everyone by stringing a **clothesline** from this building to the one next door. Now, since only **one** person can go at a time, we're gonna have a **lottery**. Each pick will cost 50¢ and all proceeds will go toward fireproofing the **building**. My girlfriend here has just finished making up the slips of **paper** and women will get to pick first.



Take a number and **move**. Take a number and—hey, wait a minute. You're not a **woman**. You're a **fireman**!

What gave me away?

You put your **nylon stockings** on over your **fire boots**!

But sir, one of them was a **star**!

Who's number one?

Hey wait! Isn't that your **girlfriend** —the one who wrote up the slips of **paper**?

Sir, it just shows you what strong **faith** and a little **luck** can do for a person.

Sir, the scenic elevator just blew.

It was loaded!

Any people in it?

Well, it'll have to wait.

Let's go!!

REMEMBER!!! WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S USUALLY A COOKOUT!
CRACKED PROVERB

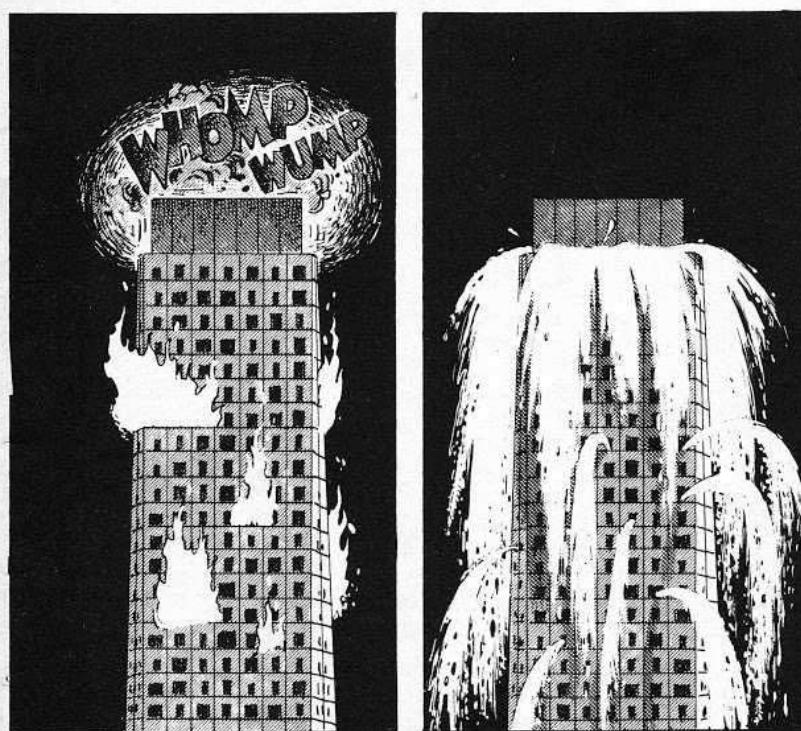
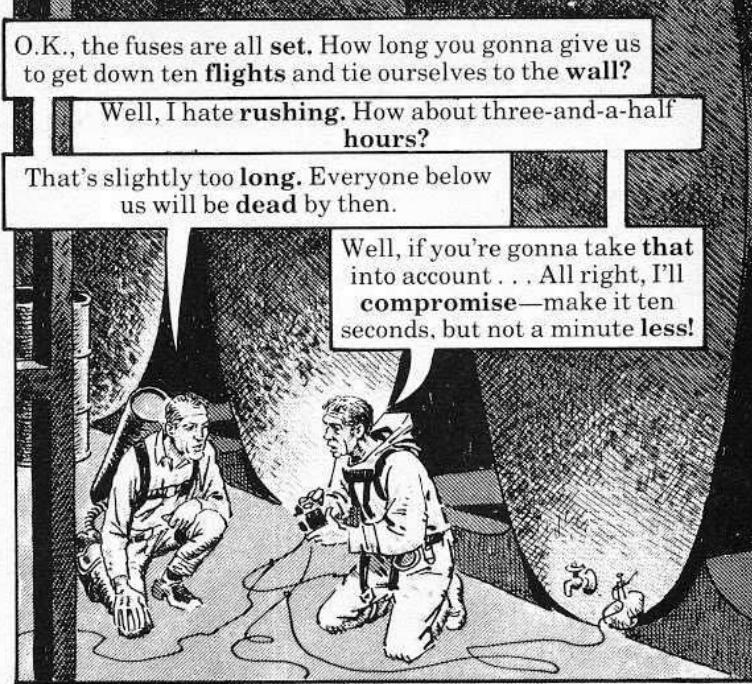
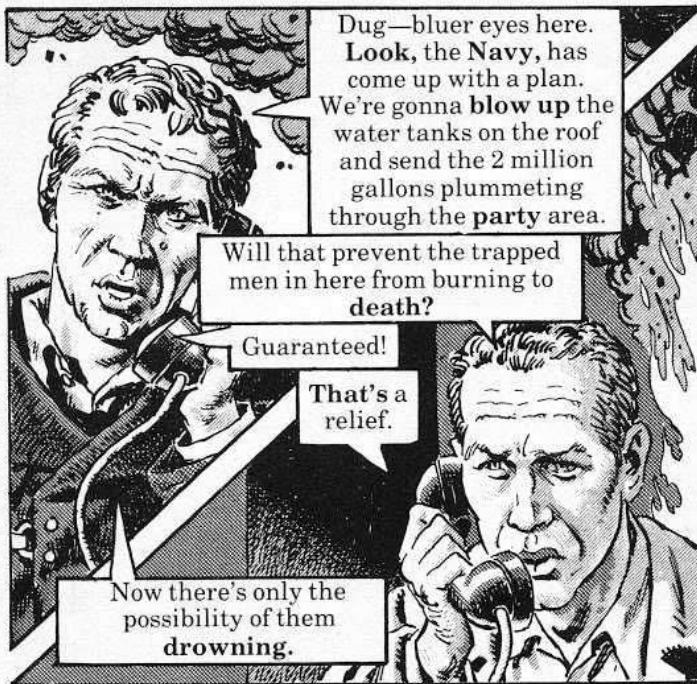
Hey, you're slipping off the elevator—but hold on. I got you by the arms. There's nothing to worry about!

That's easy for you to say.

Whew! I didn't think I could hold you like that for 10 minutes.

But you did it chief and I thank you.

One thing though—next time you buy a **shirt**, I'd ask for a longer **sleeve length**.



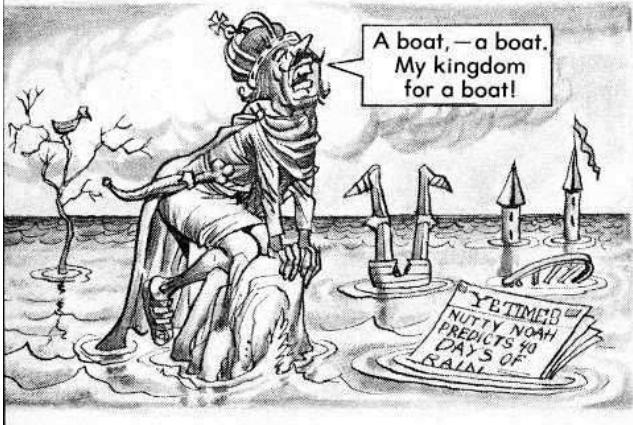
Now that mankind is looking toward the future and space-travel, CRACKED is looking toward the past and boat travel. But, as you already know, that's the way we are. We figure that just about everybody likes history and just about everybody digs boating. So how could we miss with this piece called

The CRACKED History of Boating?

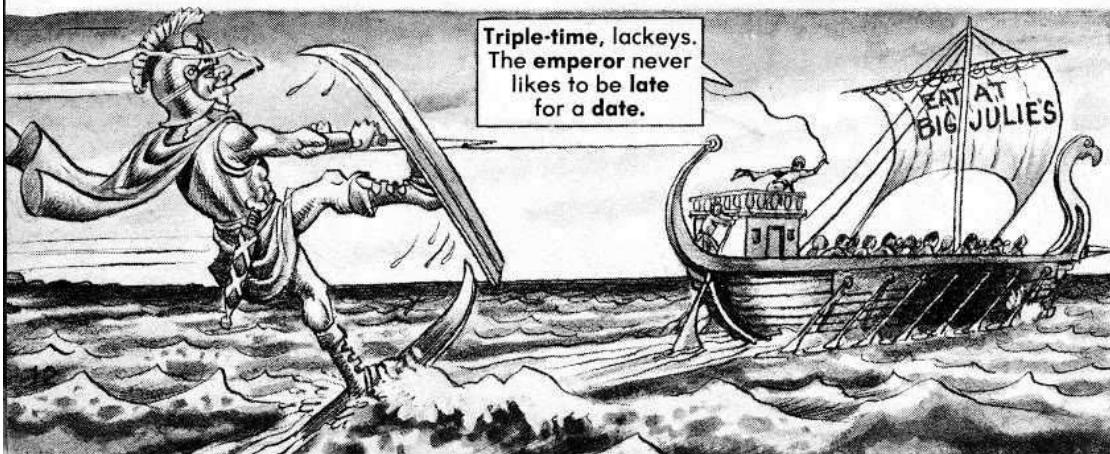
Prehistoric man didn't think much of boating because he was too attached to his pets. This attachment made boating impractical.



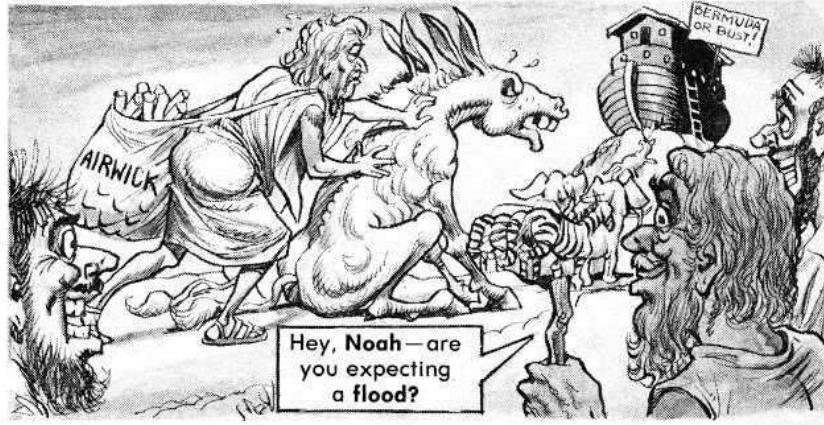
Unfortunately, by the time the boating bug bit the neighbors, it was too late.



Ultimately it was Julius Caesar who was responsible for introducing boating to the masses.



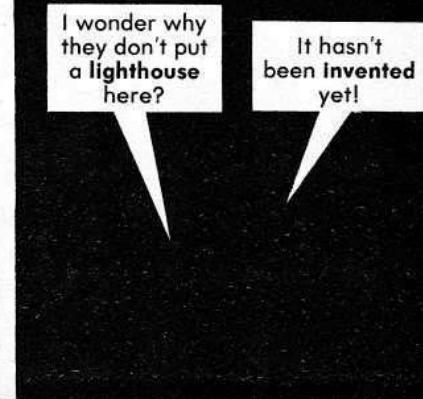
Time progressed, but boating never quite got off the ground. There was only one person who went boating at all, and he was ridiculed by his neighbors.



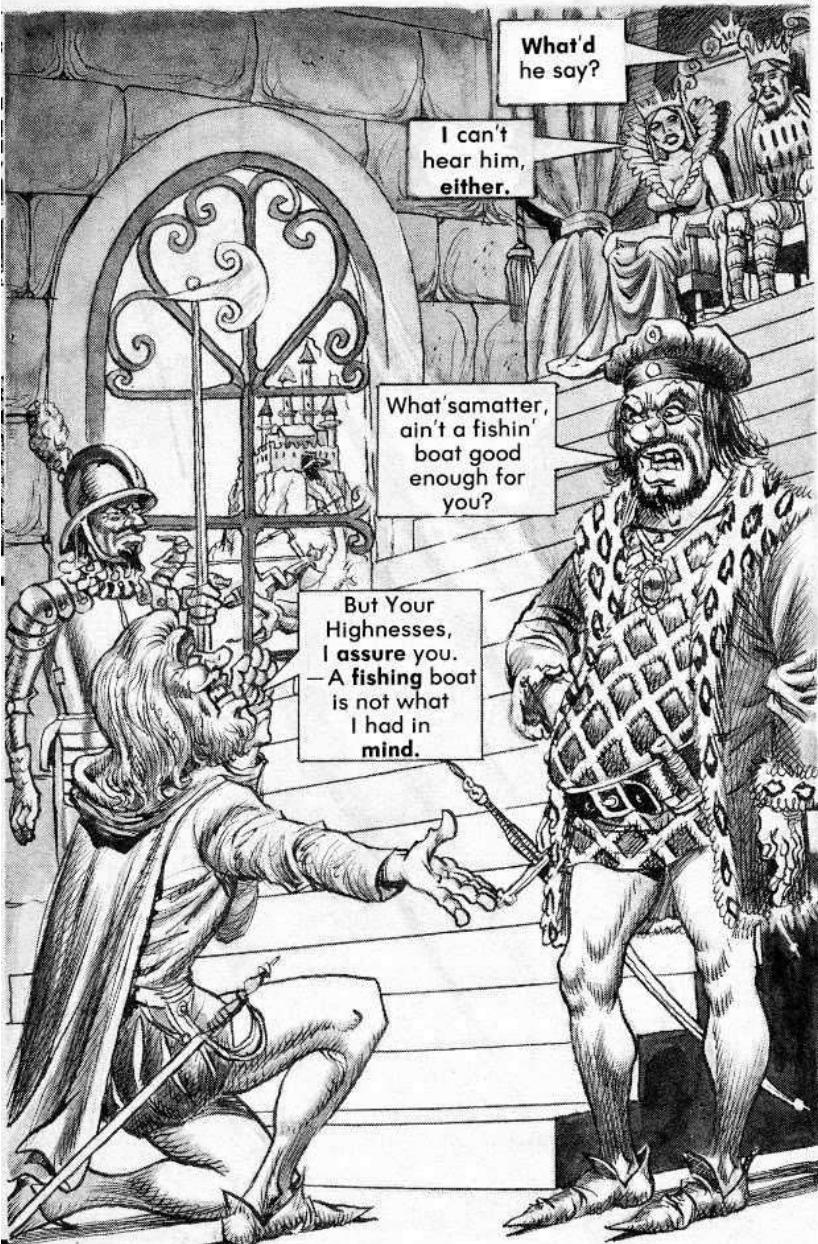
It took several hundred years of hard work to get the population up again. During that time, people remained very attached to their boats.



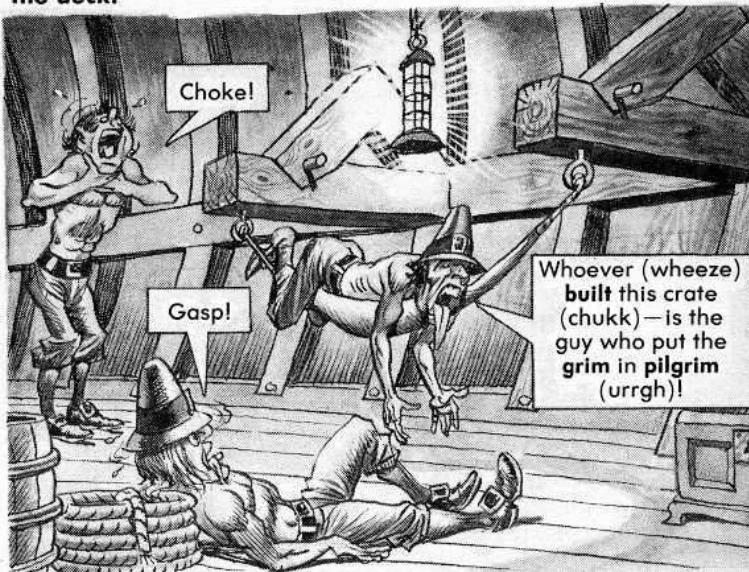
Then came the Dark Ages, and for that very reason interest in boating was at an all time low.



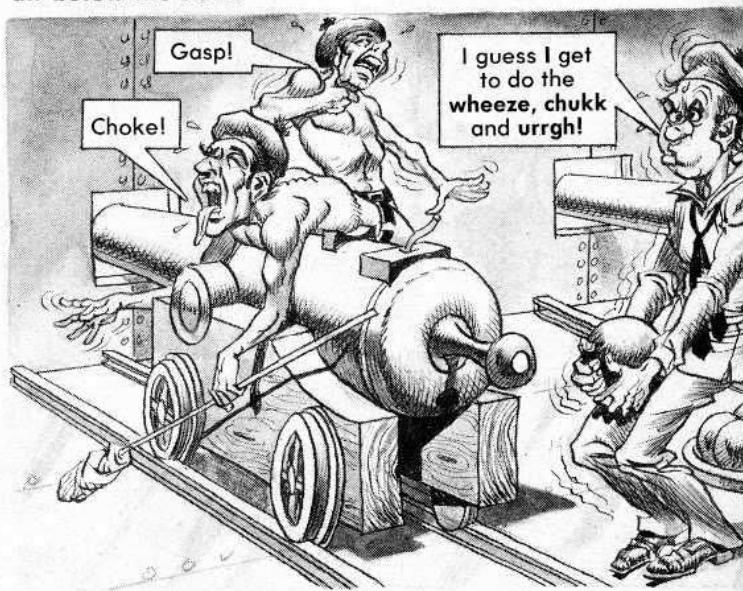
In 1492 Christopher Columbus changed all that. He was so desperate to start boating up again, that he went to many different countries to get support. Finally, in Spain, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella agreed to go along with him. But it took a lot of persuading and gobs of pleading to get them to better their original offer.



CRACKED is stealing from the poor and giving to the rich!
Time passed and boating improved. But there were still kinks to iron out—as the pilgrims realized when they discovered their hardships didn't have any fresh air below the deck.



By the time the Civil War arrived, the Pilgrims' rickety old wooden ships with no fresh air below the deck had been replaced by sleek, shiny new metal ships—with no fresh air below the deck.

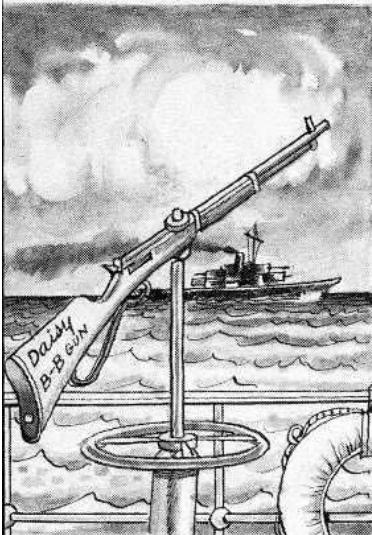


When the early 1900's showed up, the new craze was big, luxury ships. The most famous was the *Titanic*, which was supposed to be unsinkable. It sunk. How it could have done that was a mystery to everyone. If they had been a little more observant, they would have noticed the single tell-tale clue.

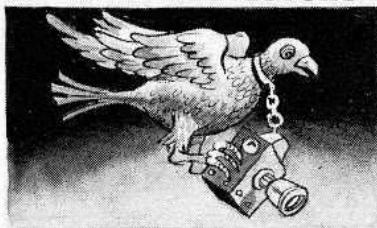


By World War II, there were lots of big ships called battleships. Many new devices were attached to them to help us win easier, but some of these proved impractical.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS



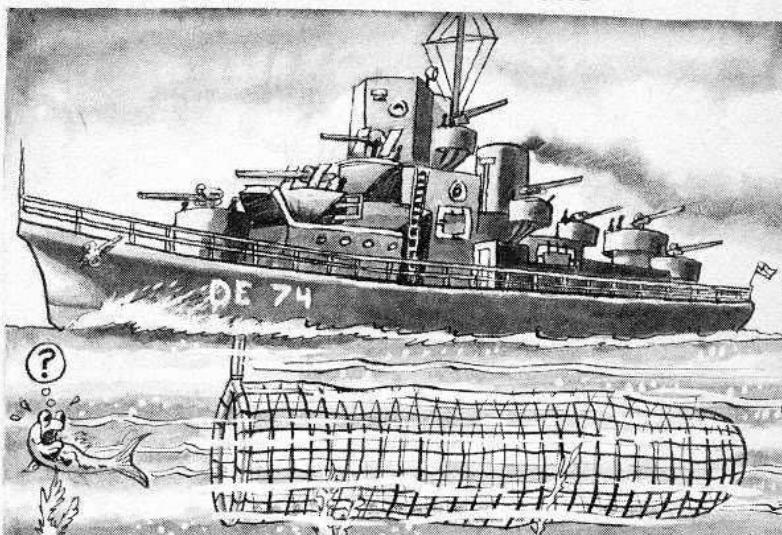
AIRPLANE DETECTORS



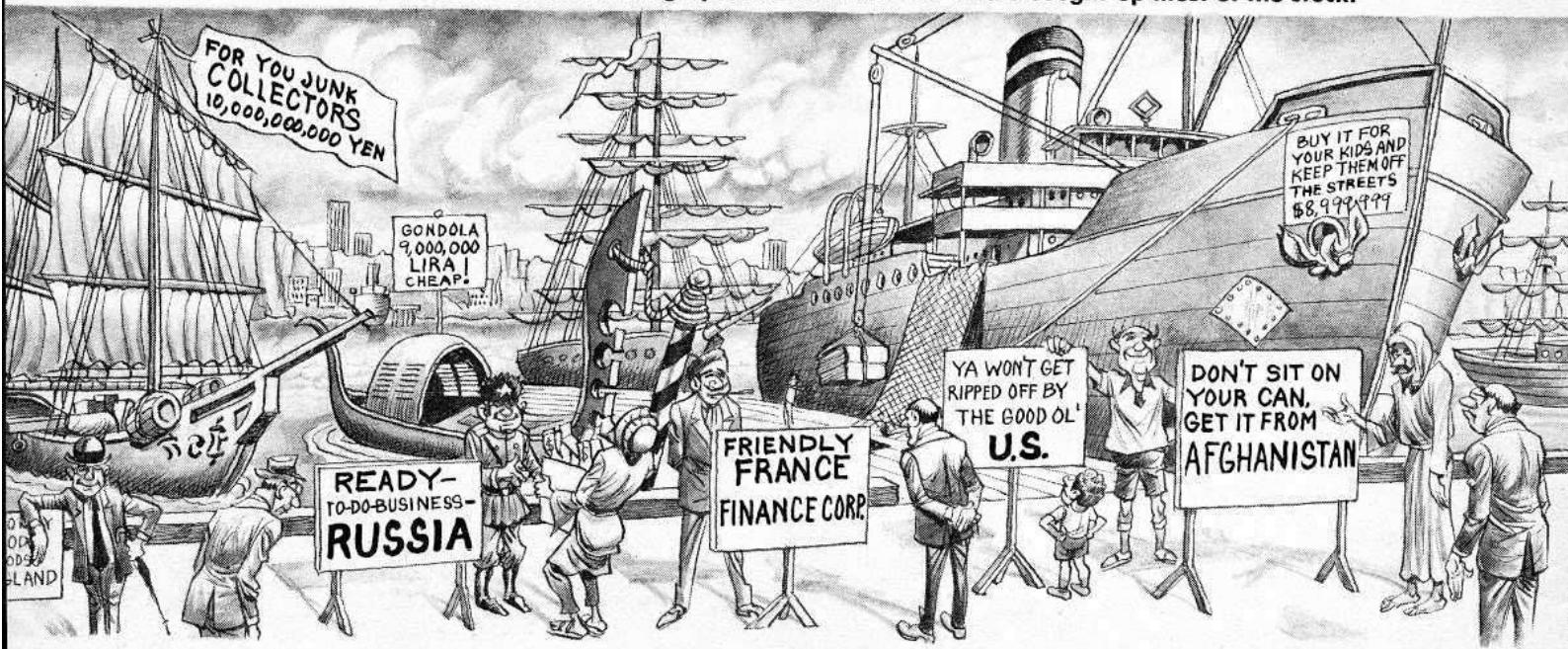
RADAR



SUBMARINE INTERCEPTORS



After World War II, all the countries were left with a surplus of ships. In 1947 they held a gigantic flea-market in the shipyards of New York. Kings, presidents and other rulers bought up most of the stock.



By the affluent 1950's and '60's, people who couldn't afford battleships and aircraft-carriers got their chance.



Today in the 1970's, people are still buying boats. But because of the economy and other factors, these are of a more modest kind.



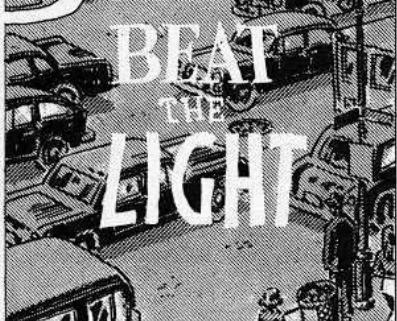
Currently, the rage on television is game shows, but it seems, like any good thing, when the saturation point is reached, gimmicks have to be added to keep the interest going. Well, CRACKED believes that T.V. producers will realize this too and start making these prize shows more pertinent to modern society or just more challenging. So, gaze with us now through our crystal ball as CRACKED offers you a preview of some of the

NEW T.V. GAME SHOWS FOR NEXT SEASON

ARTIE CHOAKE—

BEAT THE LIGHT

Hello, America, I'm Johnny Bolson and it's that time of day again to play Beat The Light. So, let's put our hands together and give a big round of applause to our host—Jack Poindexter.



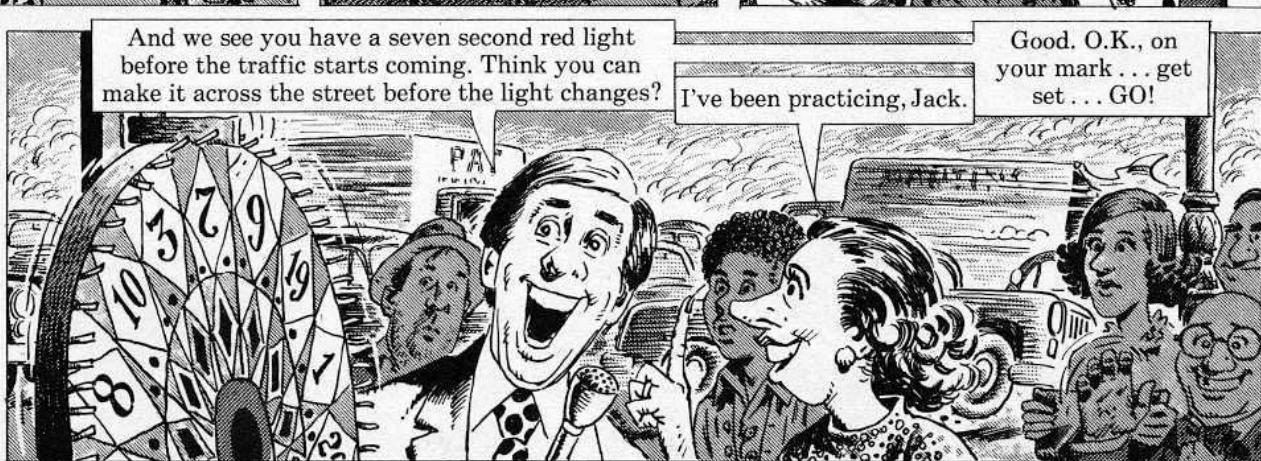
Ah, thank you for that big round of applause and welcome to Beat The Light—the game show where contestants get a limited amount of time to try and cross a busy intersection before the traffic starts coming again. So, let's go over to our playing area.



This morning we're on the corner of 5th and Mason and our first contestant is Mrs. Mildred Mongoose.



And we see you have a seven second red light before the traffic starts coming. Think you can make it across the street before the light changes?

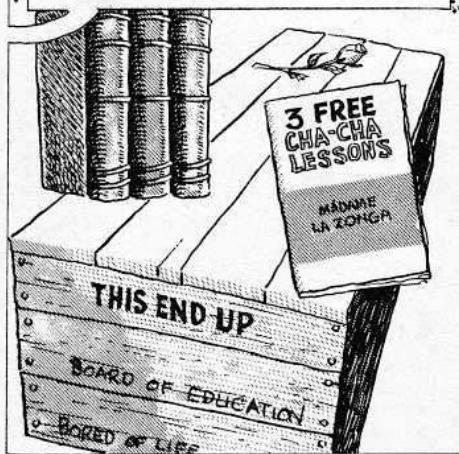


I've been practicing, Jack.

Good. O.K., on your mark... get set... GO!



Right, Jack. Mrs. Mongoose gets five volumes of the Britonica Encyclopedia, 3 Cha-Cha lessons and a lovely #45 funeral from the Spegalie Catalog. And we'll be right back after a word from our sponsor—Ethnic Life Insurance.



GAMBLER

Hi everyone, I'm Twink Nightingale and welcome to GAMBLER the game show where we roll the dice for cash—but with one twist—here the contestants use their own money.



Our returning champion is a blacksmith from Detroit, Michigan, Mr. Walter De Soto. Well, so far Walter, you owe us \$58,000, your house and your third child.

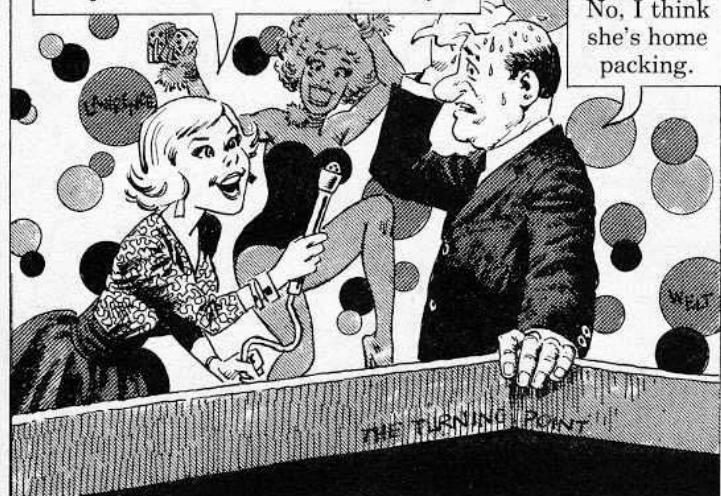


As you know, our rules say you can go on till you're broke, so what have you elected to do?

After talking it over with my lovely wife, Wanda, I've decided to go on.

Is your wife in our audience today?

No, I think she's home packing.

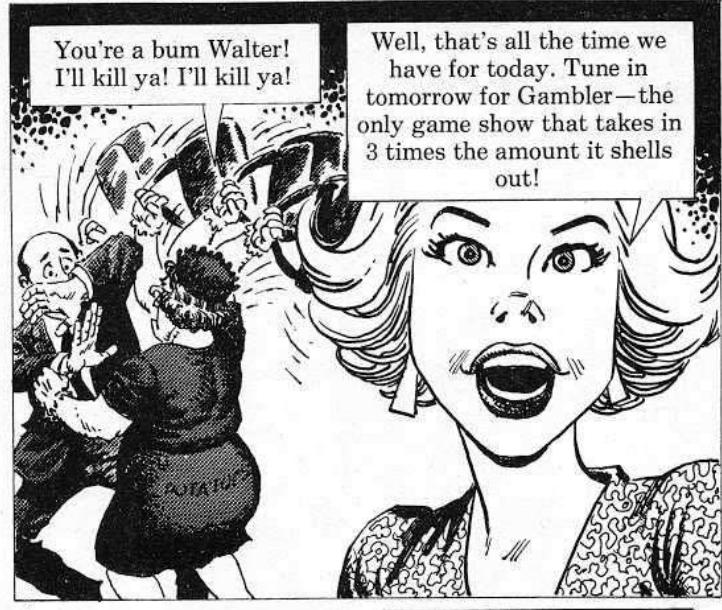
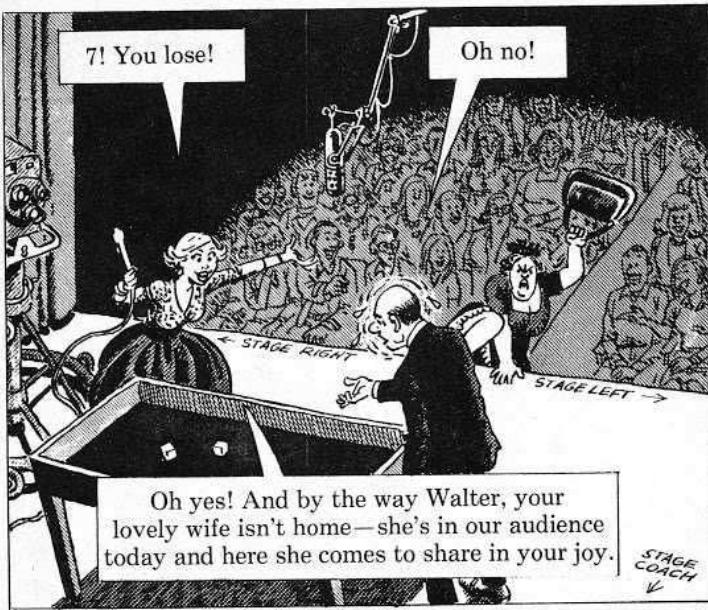


Well, roll the dice.

Twink, I'm gonna try and get even once and for all, so I'm betting every last cent I have along with all my worldly possessions on number 8.

Here goes.





Well, that's all the time we have for today. Tune in tomorrow for Gambler—the only game show that takes in 3 times the amount it shells out!

THE PRICE IS RIDICULOUS

O.K. Johnny, who's our next contestant on "The Price Is Ridiculous."

Bernie, meet Mrs. Prune Danish.

Hi Mrs. Danish and what does your husband do?

Time.

Time?

Yes, he's a convict.

You must be very proud of him.

Well now, if you'll spin our Price Is Ridiculous wheel we'll see how much money we're going to give you for your food shopping trip.



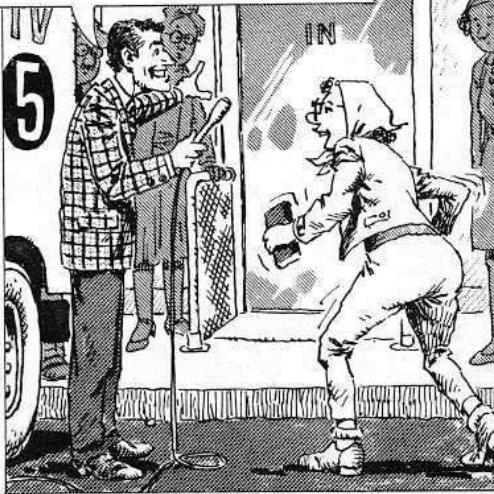
\$5! And now spin the people wheel and let's see how many guests you'll have to feed for that \$5.



50! Think you can do it? **EADYM**

I'm ready to give it a try!

Remember, you'll have 10 minutes loose in this supermarket to get a \$5 banquet for 50 people.
—GO!



O.K., let's see what you got.

Well, I thought I'd start off with soup. I bought one can of whale gumbo which I'll water down a bit.

And for a main course?

I bought a package of brown gravy and four pounds of bubble gum. I'm making bubble gum stew.

Sounds chewy.

5

TV
OR NOT TV:
THAT
IS THE
QUESTION

Well, you did it!
In these times of
ridiculous prices,
you managed to
feed 50 people
with \$5.

Yes!

Then I won?

What's my
prize?

And for dessert?

I bought one cream puff,
stuffed with cabbage and
ketchup.

No one will eat that.



That's why one
should be enough.

Mrs. Danish — SURPRISE! You
get the banquet you just created,
compliments of The Price Is
Ridiculous.

Yuch!



PAY THE CONSEQUENCES

It's time to
play . . .

PAY THE CONSEQUENCES!

Morning gang. I'm Bob Woofer
and this is the show that asks
nutty contestants to pull
crazy stunts in order to win
fabulously mediocre prizes.
And here's our first contestant.

APPLAUSE.

A man in a suit and tie holds a card with dollar signs on it.

Morning. And who are you?

I'm Mable Hopscotcher.

How many kids do you have Mable?

11. We've got 5 gorgeous girls,
5 beautiful boys and one little
thing who we're not too sure
of yet.



Well Mable, see if you can answer this question. Where is the San Francisco Golden Gate Bridge?

It's either Taiwan or Moscow. Oh—it's probably a trick question so I'll say Taiwan.

No I'm sorry.

I knew I should have said Moscow.

Well, you couldn't answer our question for our fabulous, mediocre prize, so instead you'll have to Pay The Consequences with a little stunt. All we have to do is rob the bank that's two blocks from our studio in five minutes or less. Think you can do it?

Golly, that's some consequence.

Well, we have some prize for you.

I'll do it.

O.K., we'll be watching Mrs. Hopscotcher on our closed-circuit T.V. here and—is she gone? Good. Folks, unbeknownst to Mrs. Hopscotcher, we called the fifth precinct this morning and left an anonymous tip about the robbery. It's a sneaky trick, but it should be fun to watch.

Hands up and put all your bags into this money I'm holding.

She's nervous—must be her first robbery.

I think she's coming back to the studio.

Bob, I did it, I did IT!

Up against the wall lady. We got you for armed robbery. That'll be 80 years.

Oh no.

Oh, you got caught, but look on the bright side Mrs. Hopscotcher.

What's that?

When you get out, compliments of Pay The Consequences, you'll receive a two week, all expense paid trip to Trenton, New Jersey.

Trenton, New Jersey?

Isn't that one of the finest mediocre prizes you ever heard of?

Officer, I'm about to add murder to my charges. Let me go.

I think it's time to bring on the next contestant. Johnny—Johnny? . . .

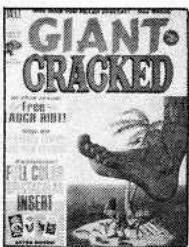
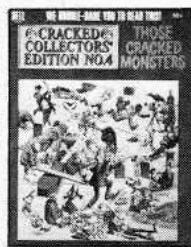
THE CRACKED BOOKSTORE

SALE!

NEW SELECTIONS!

WHILE THEY LAST!

**ORDER NOW!
CHAOS LATER!**



**CRACKED ANNUALS
235 PARK AVE. SOUTH
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003**

Please send me the Annuals I have checked. Enclosed is which includes the total price of my selections PLUS 25¢ mailing and handling charge for each selection.

GIANT CRACKED #9	75¢	CRACKED GOES WEST	50¢
GIANT CRACKED #10	75¢	THE CRACKED GANGSTER GALLERY	50¢
KING-SIZED CRACKED #8	75¢	THE CRACKED TV SCREEN	50¢
THOSE CRACKED MONSTERS	50¢		

NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

REMEMBER—Add 25¢ mailing and handling charge for EACH selection you have made.

THE CON BEHIND CONJURING SECTION

Across the country, magic is enjoying an unprecedented boom. Young and old are taking up the art of prestidigitation. Even the nation's economy is doing the sleight of hand bit, by making the dollar's value disappear before our very eyes. We offer our readers a chance to get in on the hocus-pocus act with our very own . . .

CRACKED GUIDE TO MAGIC

THE PICK A CARD TRICK

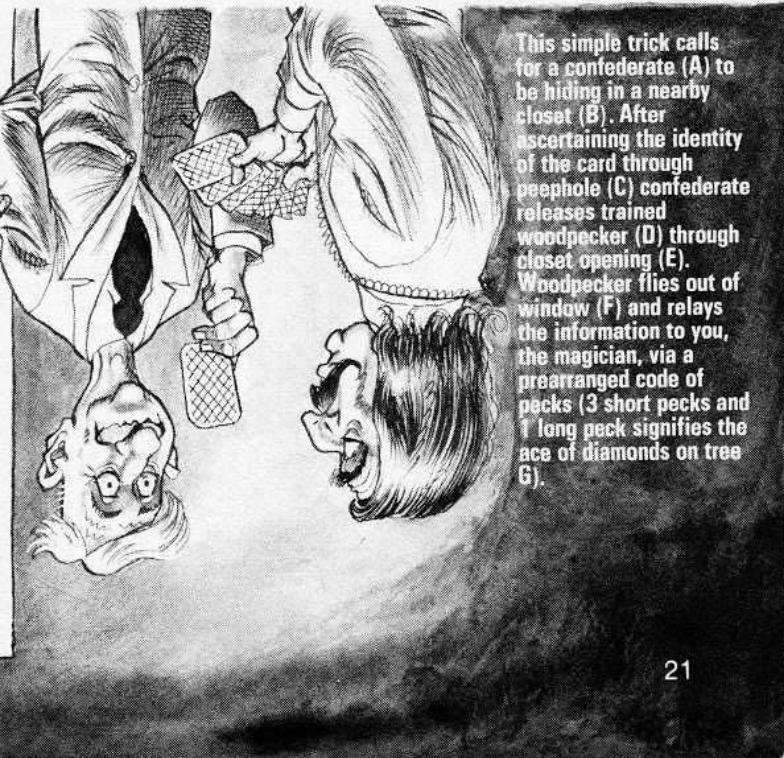
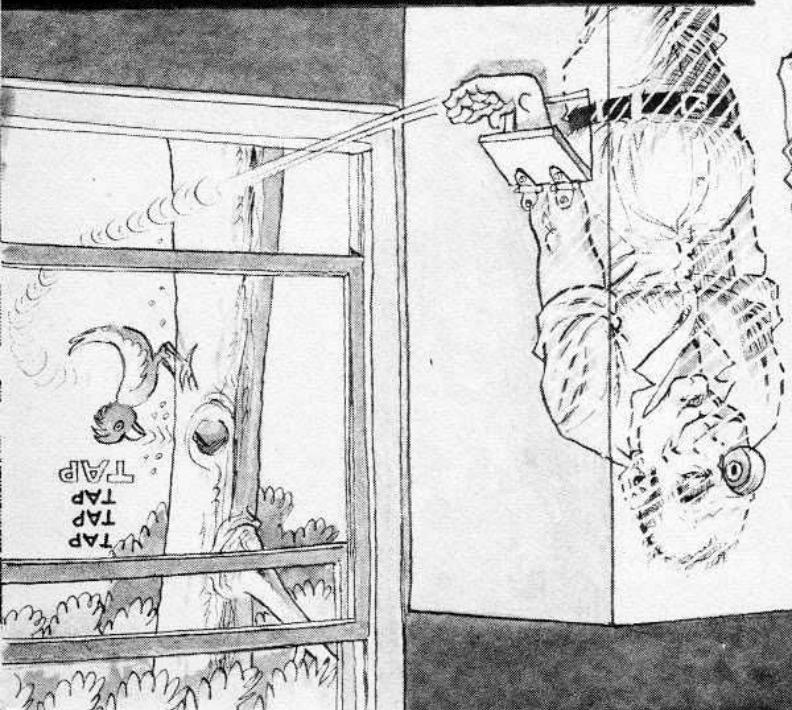
You ask someone to pick a card from the deck.



After the card is returned to the deck you show the subject the card he has selected.

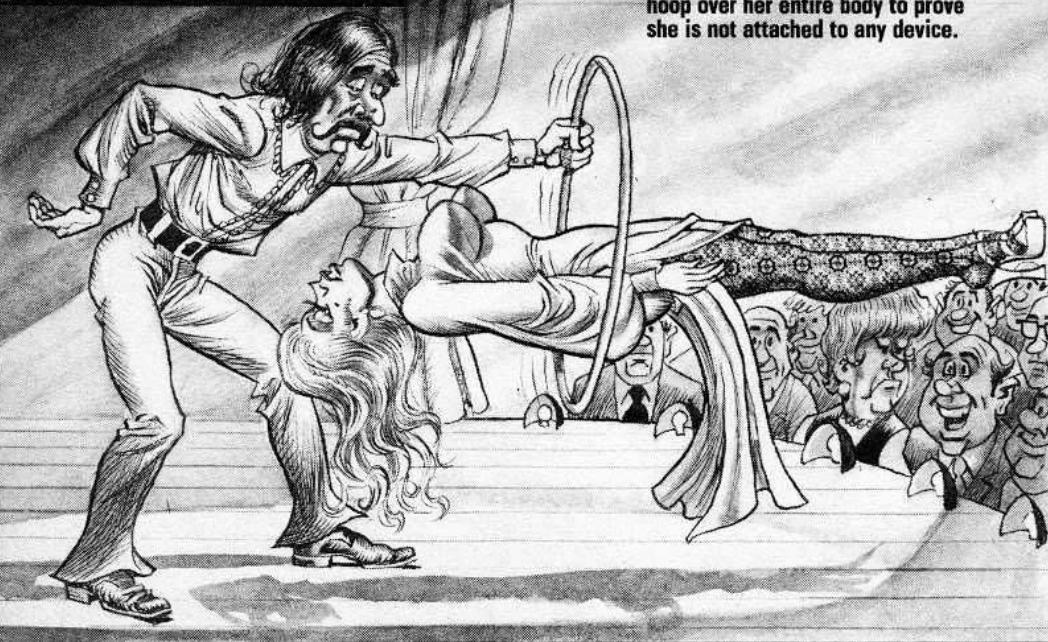


HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



This simple trick calls for a confederate (A) to be hiding in a nearby closet (B). After ascertaining the identity of the card through peephole (C) confederate releases trained woodpecker (D) through closet opening (E). Woodpecker flies out of window (F) and relays the information to you, the magician, via a prearranged code of pecks (3 short pecks and 1 long peck signifies the ace of diamonds on tree G).

THE FLOATING BODY TRICK



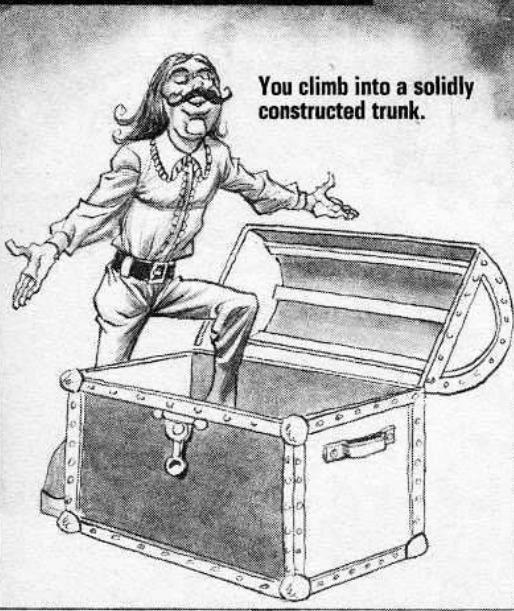
You levitate the woman and then pass a hoop over her entire body to prove she is not attached to any device.

HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK

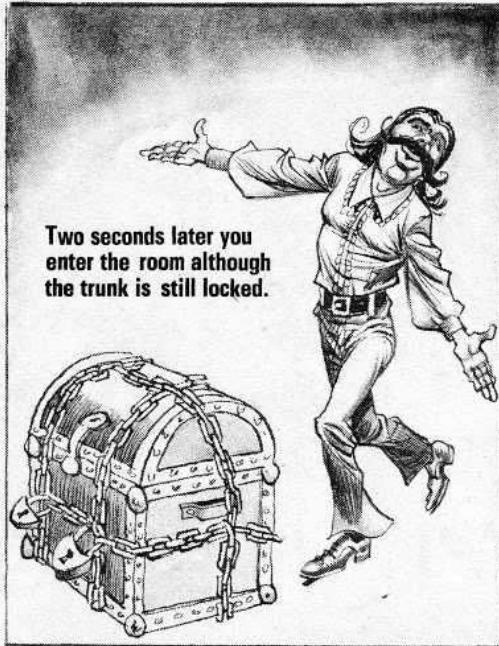


Prior to the trick you feed your assistant chiliburgers, pizzas, baked beans, and a Hungarian dinner. The resulting gas will cause the subject to rise in dirigible fashion.

THE GREAT ESCAPE TRICK

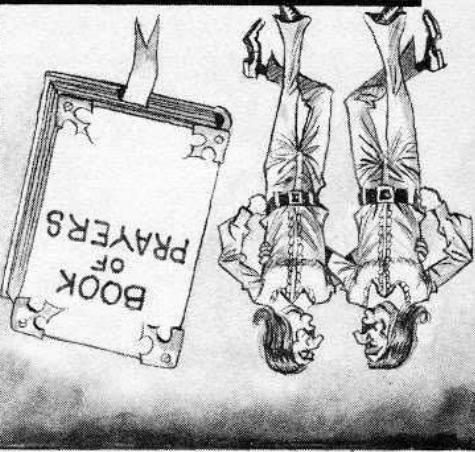


You climb into a solidly constructed trunk.



Two seconds later you enter the room although the trunk is still locked.

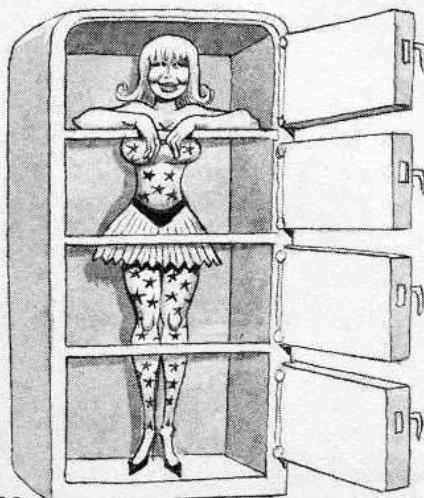
HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



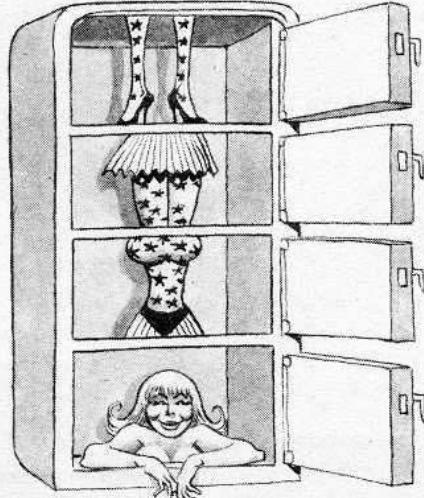
The trick requires 2 simple props: an exact double and a prayer book to help you pray you can get your double out of the trunk before he suffocates.

THE MISMATCHED GIRL

Girl appears to be perfectly normal as she stands in a cubicle with four doors.



The doors are closed and when they are re-opened the assistant is completely topsy-turvy.

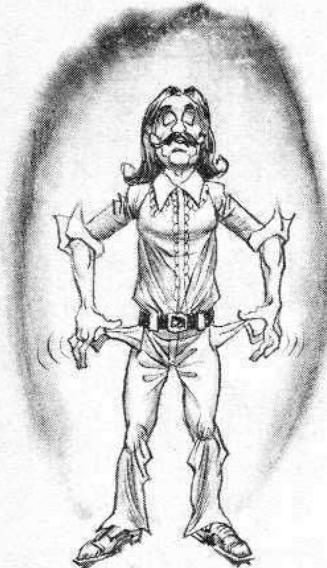


HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



Prior to the trick you pass out potent martinis. After 3 martinis you will have no trouble in persuading the audience to "see" anything you want them to see.

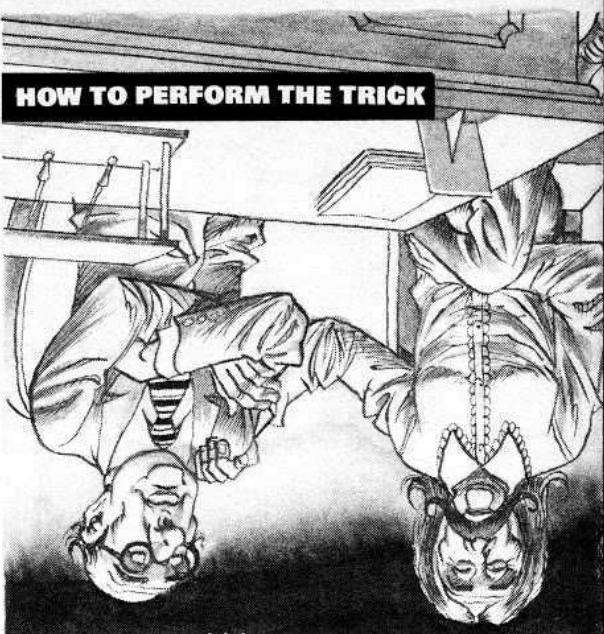
THE MONEY TREE TRICK



Your assistant then proceeds to pluck coins and dollar bills galore out of your pockets, ears, nose etc.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



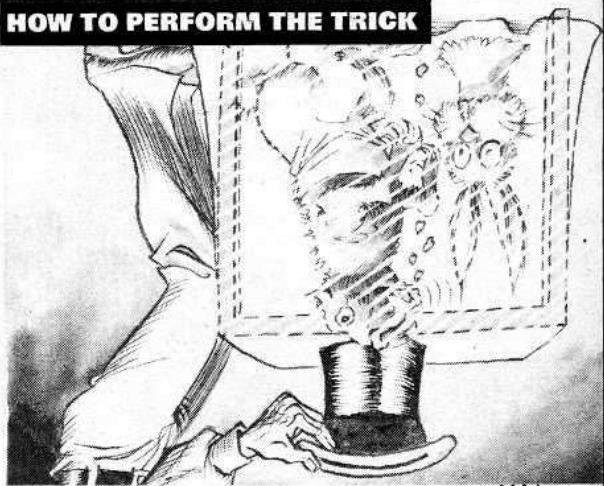
The secret of the trick is to get a tax collector for your assistant ... they can get money out of anyone!

PULLING A RABBIT OUT OF THE HAT TRICK

You display an empty top hat.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK



The trick requires an alert beaver (disguised as a rabbit) to be hidden underneath the table. At your signal he gnaws his way through the table top and into the hat where he dons his rabbit headpiece and waits for you, the magician, to produce him.

THE RIDDLED TRASH CAN TRICK

Your assistant climbs into a ordinary metal trash can.



The can is then riddled with machine gun bullets.



Your assistant emerges unscathed.



HOW TO PERFORM THE TRICK

The trick isn't as easy as it looks. It calls for having a very shitty assistant, preferably a nimble-footed politician who can dodge bullets the way he dodges issues.

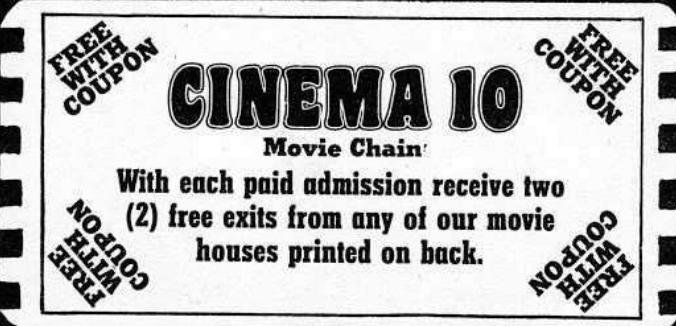
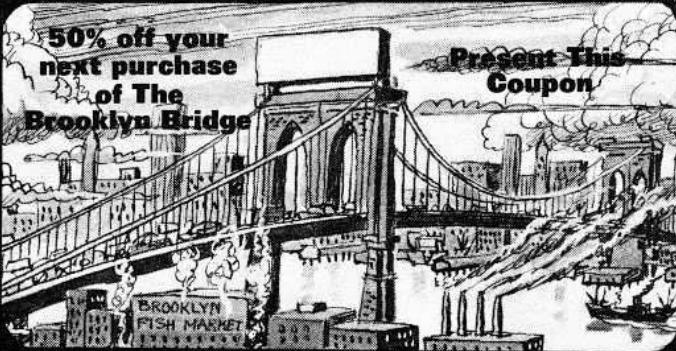
For years, food chains and manufacturers have been distributing "cents-off coupons" in an effort to get people to shop their stores or buy their brand of food—and it's worked. Well, with the economy being the way it is, we figured that this might be a good way for other businesses to stir up sales. And if our advice is heeded by the presidents of major companies, we predict that a year from now you'll be seeing these

YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT DOES HAVE A HEART

We realize that inflation has us all in a financial squeeze causing everyone to hustle a little bit faster to make that extra buck.

So, for a limited time only your man in blue will give you 20% off your next speeding ticket fine with the coupon below. Now isn't it nice to know that your police department cares!

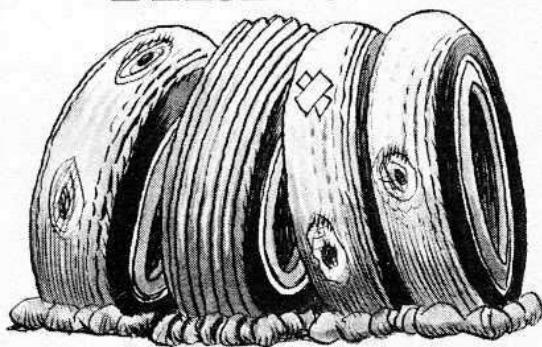
20% OFF FINE Expires November 1, 1975 **20% OFF FINE**
or after 1st Head On Collision



DISCOUNT

Present this coupon for a free gift at

CHARLIE'S TIRE SHOP



Buy any four tires and with this coupon get the air for each—**FREE!!!**

DO YOU LOVE MYSTERIES???

Well then, just clip the coupon below and mail it and we'll send you FREE—

MYRON BLACKNIGHT'S NEW BOOK

"The Great Chopped Liver Conspiracy"

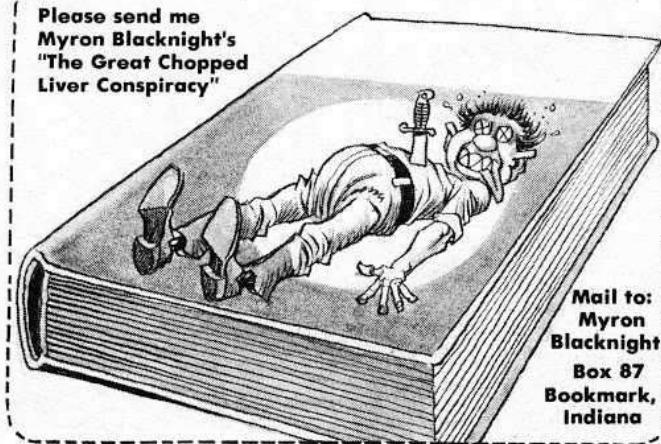
YES! 200 FREE PAGES

And, if you like those, why not send in \$14.95 later and receive the exciting final 60 pages.

ACT NOW!

clip this, so we can clip you

Please send me
Myron Blacknight's
"The Great Chopped
Liver Conspiracy"



Mail to:
Myron
Blacknight
Box 87
Bookmark,
Indiana

COUPONS OF THE FUTURE

Dr. Birnbaum, your neighborhood Dentist, cares!

He realizes that everything is just **too** high these days, so he's doing something about it.

No, he's not lowering his fees (because he really doesn't care that much) but—

if you clip out the coupon below—with each tooth the good Dr. fills, he'll pull another one for only \$1.00.

Think of it—each filling brings you a free extraction and if you know Dr. Birnbaum's work, you know that after he gets through filling a tooth, you'll probably need it extracted.

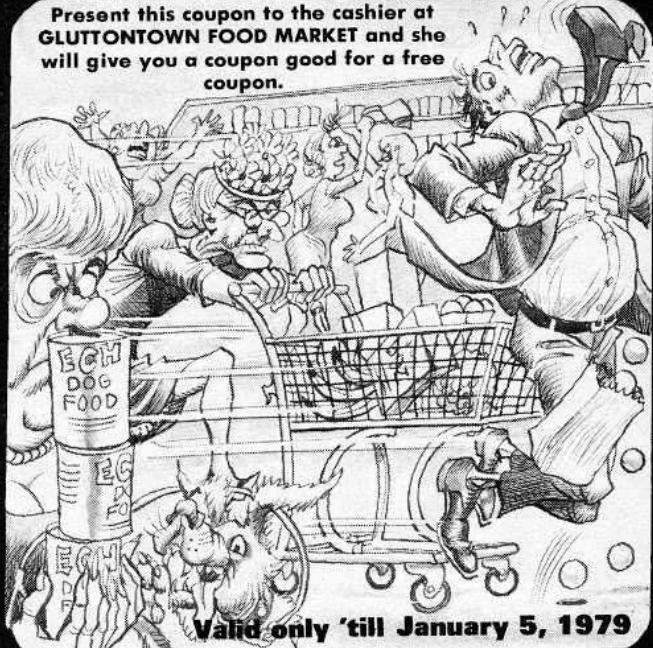
Dear Dr.—

This coupon entitles me to one extraction for only \$1 when I get a tooth filled by your 10 magnificent fingers.

I just wanna loosen the root a little!

(Only 36 offers to a person—after that you're out of teeth and eligible for Dr. Birnbaum's 10% off coupon on dentures.)

Present this coupon to the cashier at GLUTTONTOWN FOOD MARKET and she will give you a coupon good for a free coupon.



Valid only 'till January 5, 1979

FREE GALL BLADDER

Present this coupon before your next operation at NO MERCY HOSPITAL and have your gall bladder removed free.



\$300 OFF

Our salesman will take **\$300** off your next purchase. All you have to do is guess what that purchase has to be and you'll save **\$300** from the original price.

\$300 OFF

\$300 OFF

\$300 OFF

COUPON

THIS COUPON (and a 7 million dollar purchase in American goods) entitles bearer to one FREE NATIONAL MONUMENT.



COUPON

Offer limited to one monument per family. First come, first served. Offer may be withdrawn any time due to lack of merchandise.

COUPON

COUPON

COUPON

FLORIDA FOLLIES SECTION:

It's that time again! The major league teams are getting ready for another season of our great national pastime, baseball. So pack your suitcase and take a sunny trip as...

CRACKED TAKES A LOOK AT SPRING TRAINING

Did you play winter ball, Hal?

No, I had a ball in the winter, though! (Hic!)



You must be the new bonus baby!

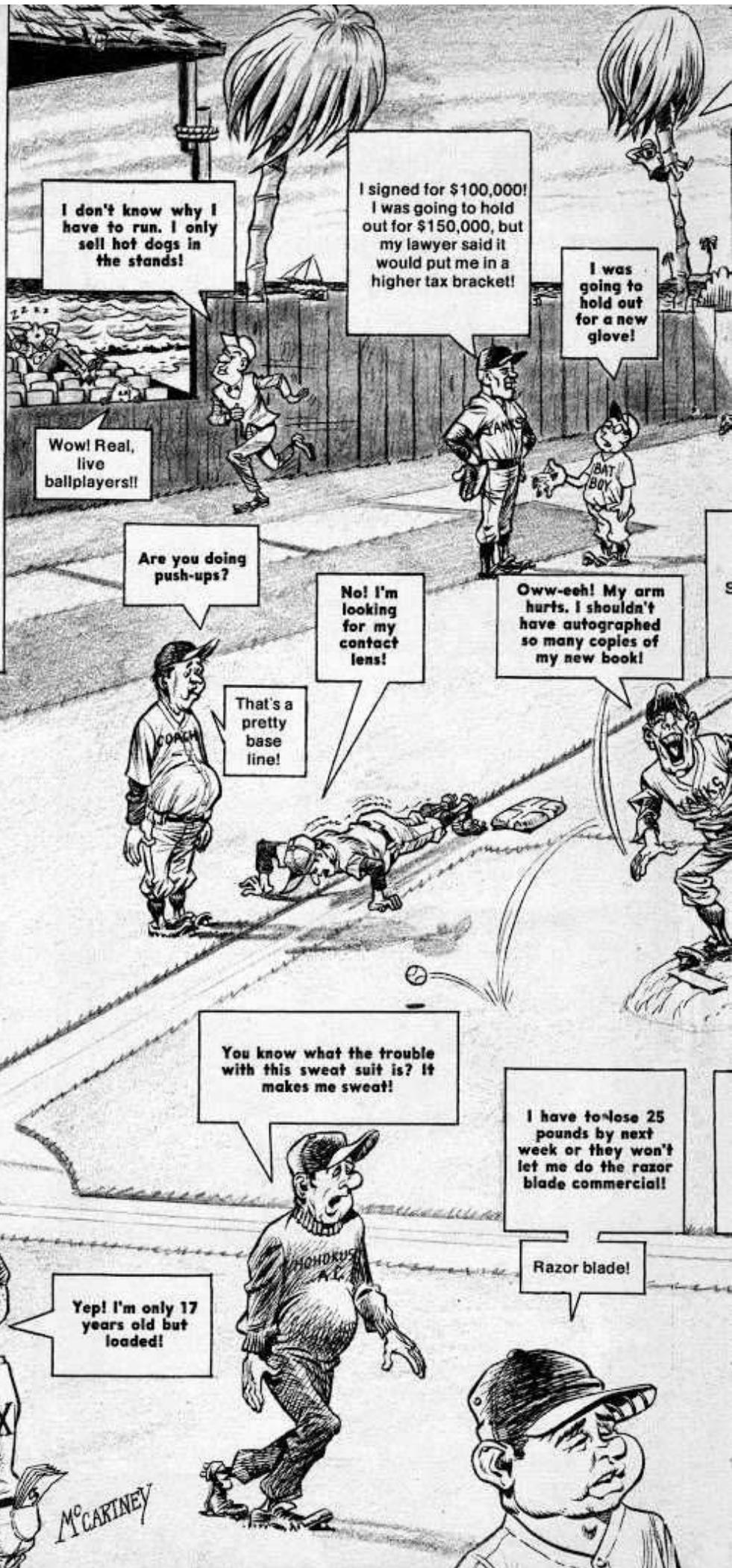


McCARNEY

You know what the trouble with this sweat suit is? It makes me sweat!



Razor blade!



I think I can see Catfish Hunter. He's the guy counting his money!

Don't (puff, puff) make me run so far (puff, puff)! My sunburn's killing me!

I'm just going to sit here until I get more money. A man can't live on \$150,000 a year nowadays!

Watch this curve. My kid taught me how to throw it!

Throw it easy. My hand hurts. A bartender stepped on it a few nights ago!



Okay! I'll trade you two Tom Seaver bubble gum cards for three Hank Aaron cards!

My legs are out of shape. Last night, I could only dance the frug for an hour.

—And I just lost a grounder in the sun!

If they send me back to the minors, I'll quit! My three TV stations are making a lot of money now!

Me, too! I don't have to do this for a living. My chain of supermarkets is doing great!



I'm new here. Where's second base?

Over there! Near all those empty suntan lotion bottles!

How now brown cow . . . I'm the team's TV announcer.

Why don't you put on another 25 pounds and do a no-cal commercial?

No-Cal!

Luke, do you think you'll win 20 games this season?

Yeah! If they let me pitch against little leaguers!

Do, re, mi . . . I'm training to get the job singing the Star Spangled Banner.

?



Every so often in the annals of moviedom, a great mystery comes along. Presently, we are at the point and the great mystery is, why did they ever let the following film out of the can? Well, we don't have an answer, but we do have a satire ready and, if you think the victim was butchered, wait'll you see what happens to the film, as we take a stab at

MURDERING THE ORIENT EXPRESS



I understand
you're
full-up.

Yes, sir—my wife
made me quite a big
lunch.

Not you—the
train! This is
Inspector Parrot.
Think you can
find him a
compartment?

The Inspector
Parrot!! Why, of
course—if he
doesn't mind
being **cramped**.

Good morning, Mrs. . . ?

Cupboard. My, but this
compartment is **roomy**. Mine is
totally inadequate. My second
husband would never put up
with it, being accustomed to only
the finer things in life.

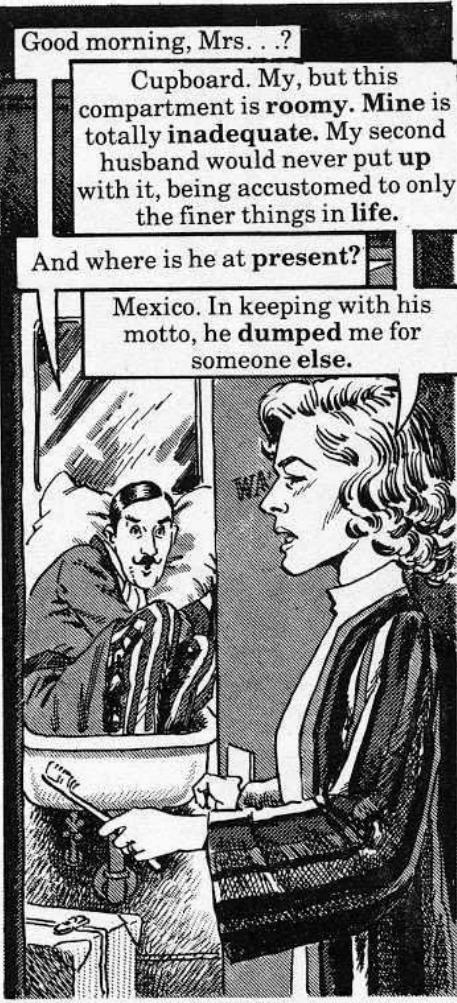
And where is he at present?

Mexico. In keeping with his
motto, he **dumped** me for
someone else.

Inspector Parrot, I'm Mr. **Hector Hatchet** and I will pay you
\$15,000 to **protect** me.

Foolish man. Right Guard
will do it for only \$1.98.

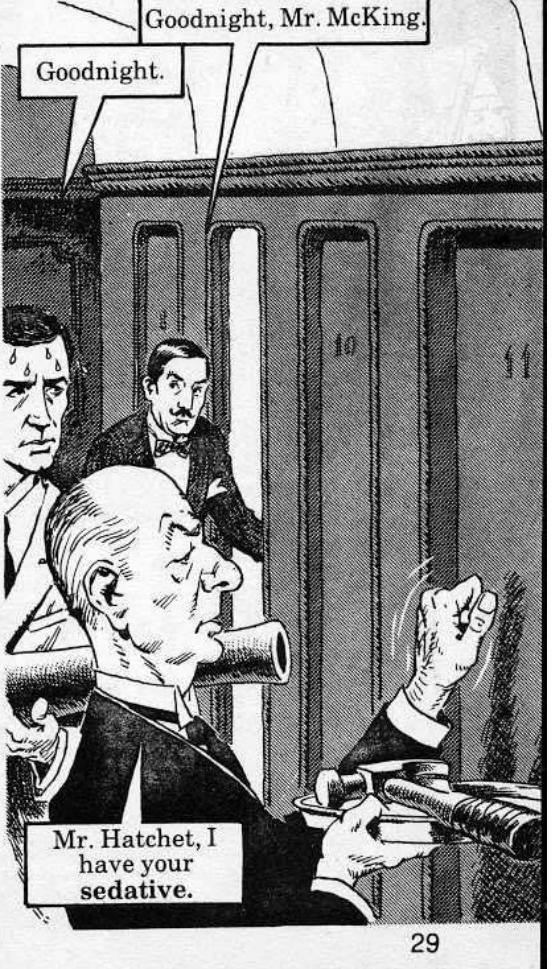
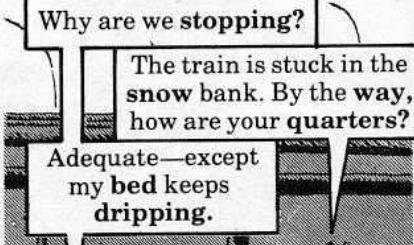
CHEF'S
SPECIAL
FROG'S LEGS
PIZZA



But I've been receiving these
letters saying that my life is in
grave danger.

Mr. Hatchet, you worry for nothing.
Trust an expert—there's nothing
suspicious on this train.

Sir, the cocktail you ordered.



This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I asked for a water-bed. Hark! Methinks all is not right.



Inspector, come quickly. It's Mr. Hatchet.

In a minute. I can't get out of bed until the porter finishes washing his hands.

WASHROOM

Oh my gosh! Do you think he was murdered?

Either that or he was in the bad habit of tossing knives up and catching them in his chest.

Touch nothing!

Not even this?

Who do you think did it?

I will question everyone on the train and have the answer for you before we reach our destination.

And if you fail?

Then we will circle Istanbul until I do!



Actually, Mr. Hatchet had received two threatening letters. One said "I kill you" and the other, "Prepare to die."

But why hire you?

I was the one who wrote the letters.

Mr. McKing, you were Mr. Hatchet's secretary, weren't you?

Yes, I was.

But you can't type, take steno or make a decent cup of coffee. Why did he hire you?

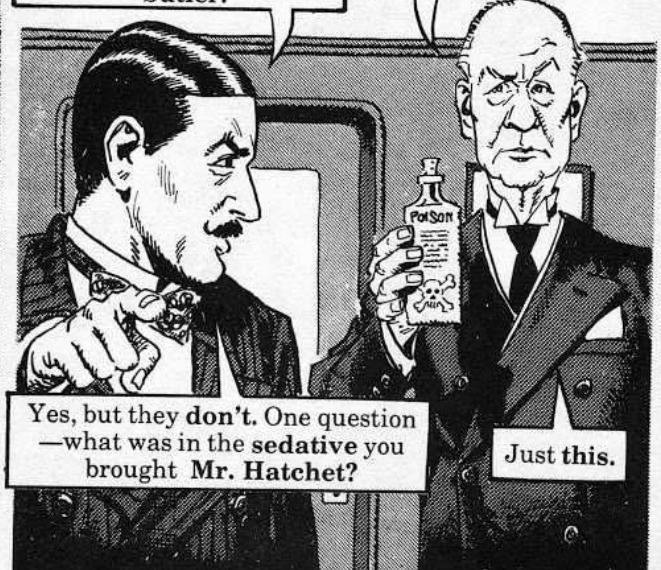


How can you be so sure?

Didn't you ever see "Psycho"?

Next, I will question Mr. Bellowings, Mr. Hatchet's butler.

I know who I am.



CRACKED is taking your typewriter to the repair shop because the 'O' is upside down!

And you are Mrs. Cupboard, if I remember.

Yes. I hated Mr. Hatchet. For years, I wished I could see him with a knife in his back, with his neck tied in a knot and his ears stuffed up his nose.

How long did you know the man?

BY NOW YOU MUST REALIZE THAT THIS IS REALLY MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN!

Never met him.

I am Miss Heckstrum and I am a no good woman.

I know. This is why I have no questions for you.

Then may I be excused? I'd like to go back and finish cleaning.

Your room?

My gun.

And now a question for you, Mr. Parrot. How do you keep your hair looking the way it does?

I have the oil changed twice a year or every 10,000 miles

Mrs. Smith, your maiden name, Waldgreen, is of Hungarian extraction.

So? The tooth I had pulled last week was by dental extraction.

Is this your handkerchief?

May I see it?

Ah, Countess Dragonwagon, Maid Hildagirdle and poochies—The Countess looks tired—or dead!

Actually she's dead tired.

From what?

She was up half the night helping her friend Mr. Hatchet with a stabbing chest pain.

No!

And where were you two last night?

A pipe-cleaner was found in the deceased's ashtray and you, Col. Sergeant, are the only one on board that smokes.

And now the Italian, here. What have you got to say for yourself?

Pizza, Sophia Loren, Linguini, Marcello Mastroianni . . .

I hadn't thought of that.

Untrue! The train smokes.

Forget it. I don't speak any Italian.

Bochi, set up 11 chairs and summon all the suspects into the dining car.

Why only 11 chairs when there are 12 suspects?

I will now give you my theory as to who the murderer is. While I am addressing you, there will be no talking. Are there any comments before I begin?

Everyone seems so innocent. No motive. So should I guess incorrectly, the one without a chair will be it.

No, the biggest chatterbox on the whole train.

Yes, I . . .

The murderer?

Do you all remember the Strongarm kidnapping?

No! Never heard of it!

I contend that Mr. Hatchet was the escaped kidnapper of that child. Mr. McKing knew about it and contacted Countess Dragonwagon who was the girl's grandmother. Her servant, Hildagirdle, was the Strongarm cook at the time and had won ten free mambo lessons for the night in question, but was tied to a chair when baby Strongarm was kidnapped and had to miss them.

So, it rings a bell in all your minds.

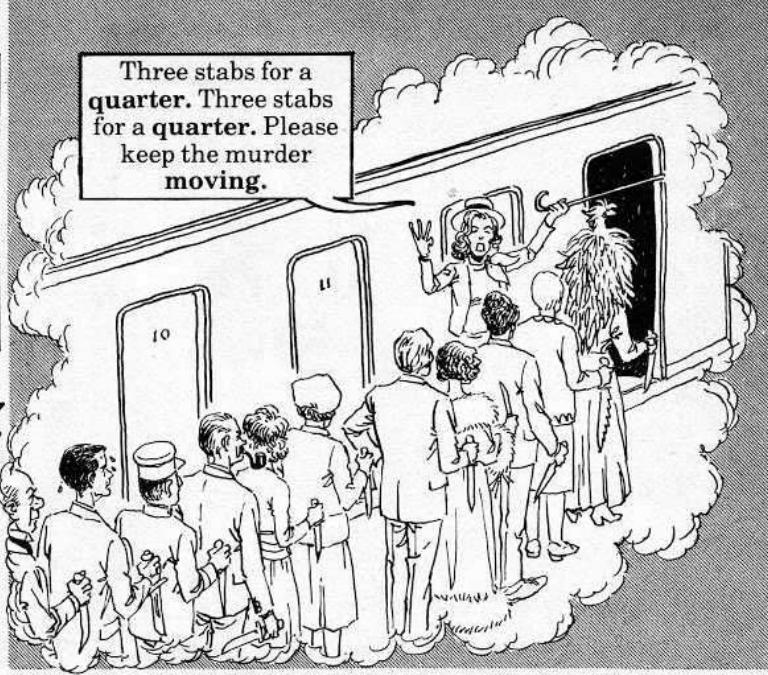
THAT HAIR REALLY GETS ME!

WELL, I THINK HE PAINTS IT ON!

HO HUM!

Mrs. Cupboard, the baby's step-mother by a former marriage to Mr. Hatchet's butler's brother who was a cousin to Mr. Smith and a distant relative of Countess Dragonwagon's two pekingese, was also in the house at the time. Mrs. Heckstrum was the child's godmother and was furious because Marlon Brando refused to be the godfather. Now, before I get into more detail—on the night in question, all 12 of you lined up in alphabetical order in front of Mr. Hatchet's compartment and . . .

Three stabs for a quarter. Three stabs for a quarter. Please keep the murder moving.



...stabbed Mr. Hatchet to death. What have you all got to say for yourselves?

A simple sentence would have sufficed.

Inspector Parrot! Who could have done it?

Not me.

Me, either.



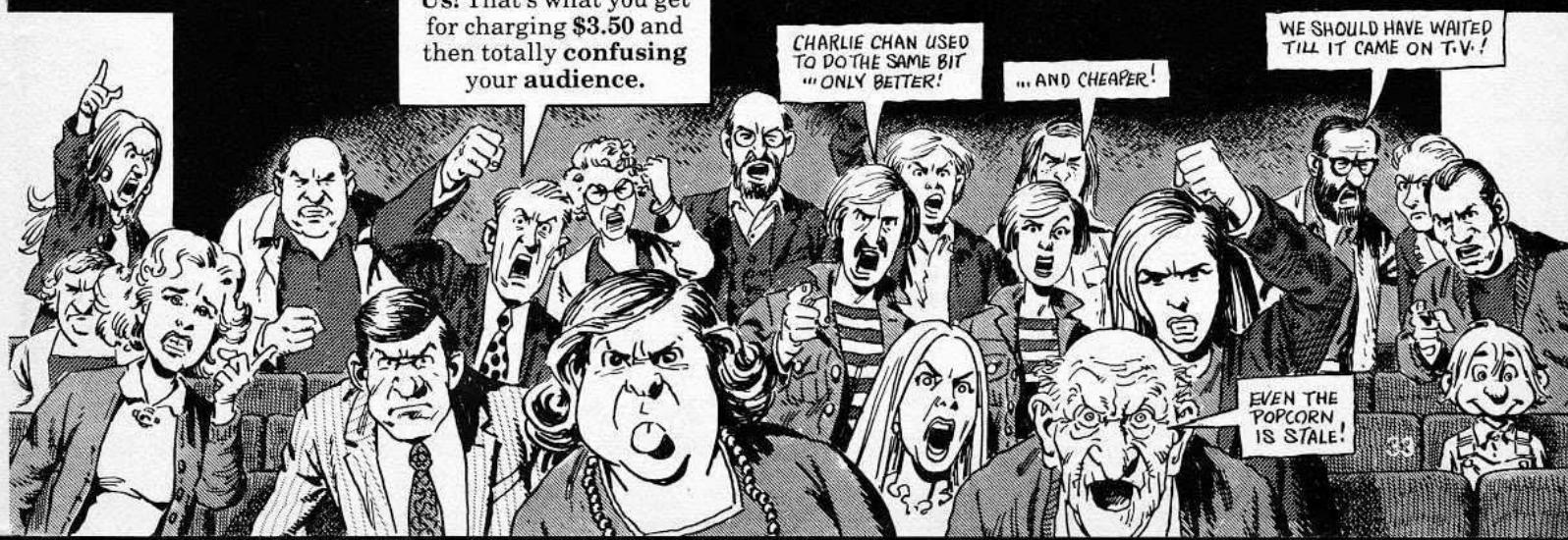
Us! That's what you get for charging \$3.50 and then totally confusing your audience.

CHARLIE CHAN USED TO DO THE SAME BIT
"ONLY BETTER!"

WE SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL IT CAME ON T.V!

...AND CHEAPER!

EVEN THE POPCORN IS STALE!



RICH PITCH SECTION

Most of the world's wealth is now concentrated in the hands of the Arab countries. Let's face it; if western businessmen want a piece of the oil money they're going to have to come up with . . .

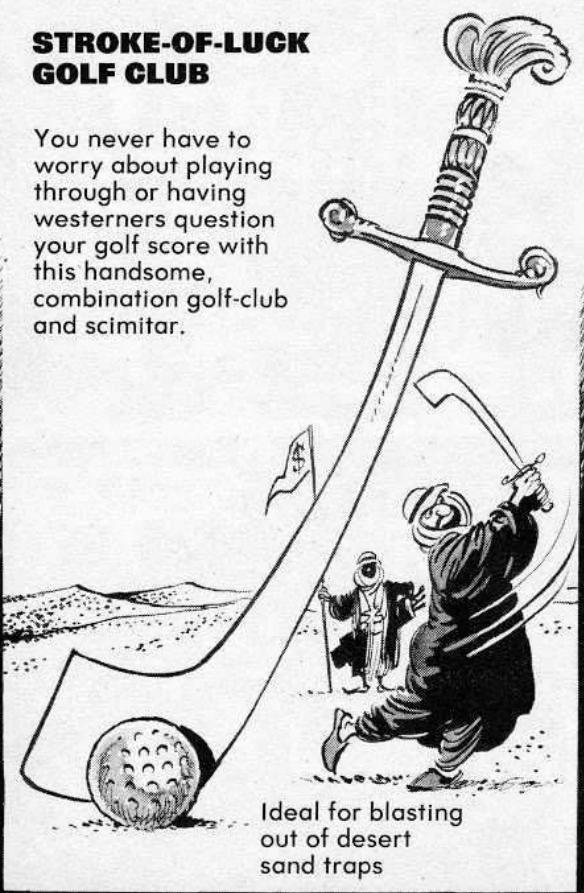
PRODUCTS AND ADS DESIGNED FOR THE ARAB MARKET



MAC
BUSH

STROKE-OF-LUCK GOLF CLUB

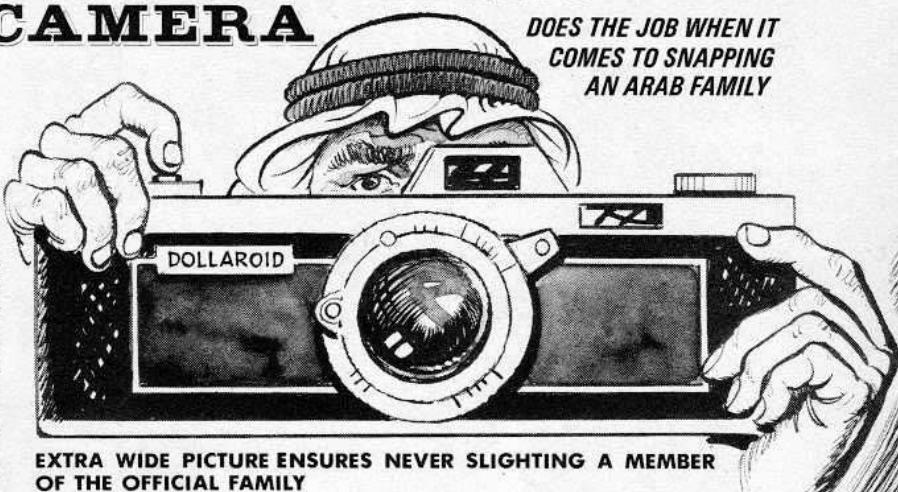
You never have to worry about playing through or having westerners question your golf score with this handsome, combination golf-club and scimitar.



Ideal for blasting out of desert sand traps

ONLY A MULTIBAMBINO CAMERA

DOES THE JOB WHEN IT COMES TO SNAPPING AN ARAB FAMILY



EXTRA WIDE PICTURE ENSURES NEVER SLIGHTING A MEMBER OF THE OFFICIAL FAMILY



ACTUAL PHOTO OF SHEIK ABDULLAH MOOLAH, HIS 33 WIVES AND 102 SONS AND DAUGHTERS

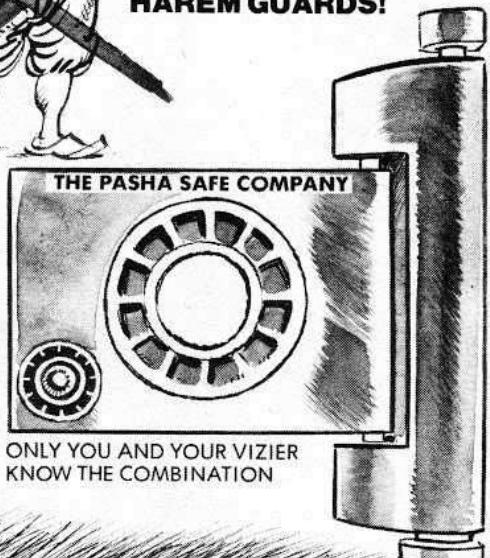
PRODUCTS FOR THE HAREM

PASHA VAULT

FOR MAXIMUM AROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION & SECURITY



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HAREM GUARDS!



ONLY YOU AND YOUR VIZIER
KNOW THE COMBINATION

INSIDE: Electronic Guards Stand Ready To Blast Away At Any
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DOUSE YOUR HAREM WITH



... IT'S CHEAPER
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PUTS YOU IN INSTANT TOUCH WITH
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SPECIAL ONE-WAY
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ELIMINATES BACK-TALK
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CONVERSATION



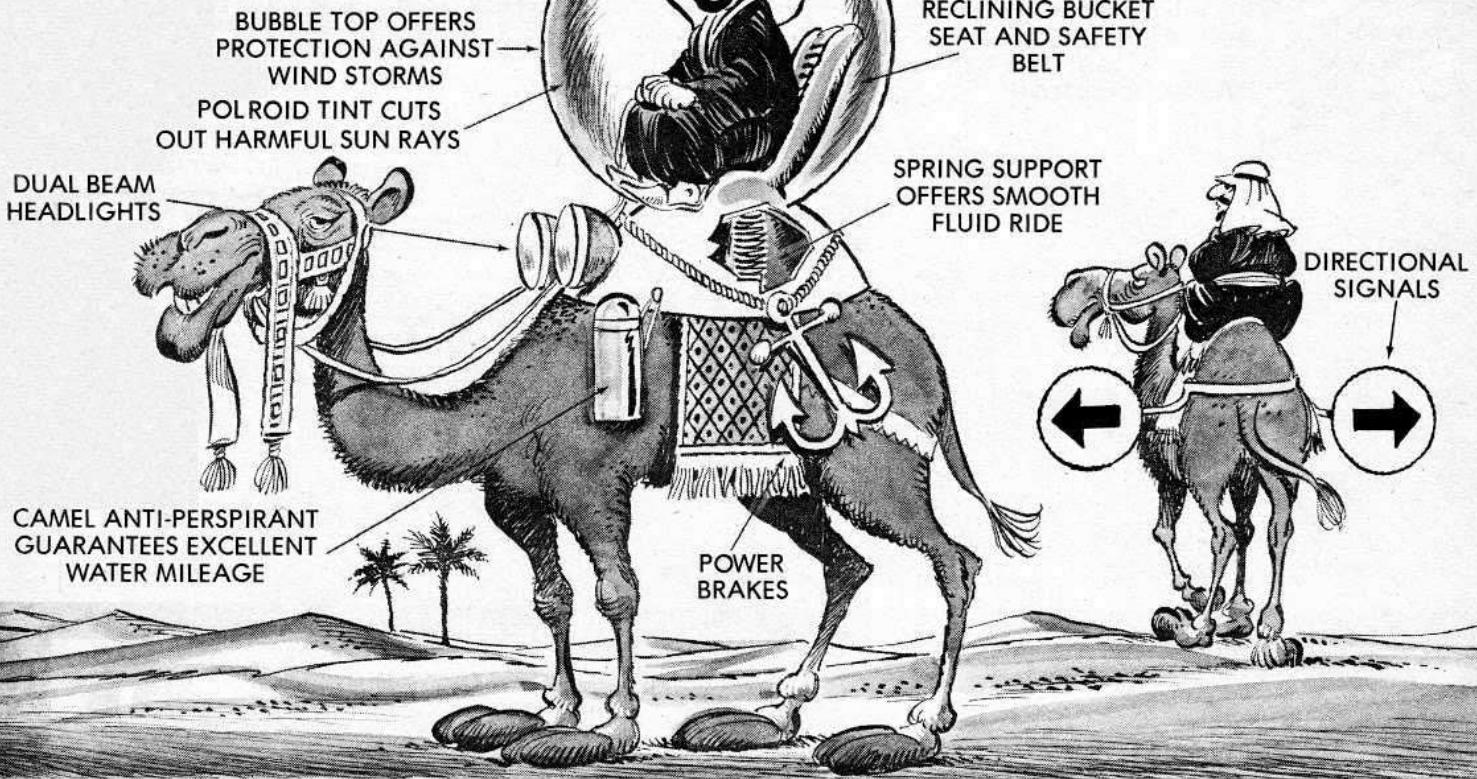
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YOU NEVER NEED TO WORRY
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ENOUGH PUSH-BUTTONS TO
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YOU'RE IN GOOD PALMS WITH ALL-CARAVAN CAMEL INSURANCE

WITH ALL-CARAVAN INSURANCE YOU'RE PROTECTED
FROM ALL TYPES OF DESERT MISHAPS



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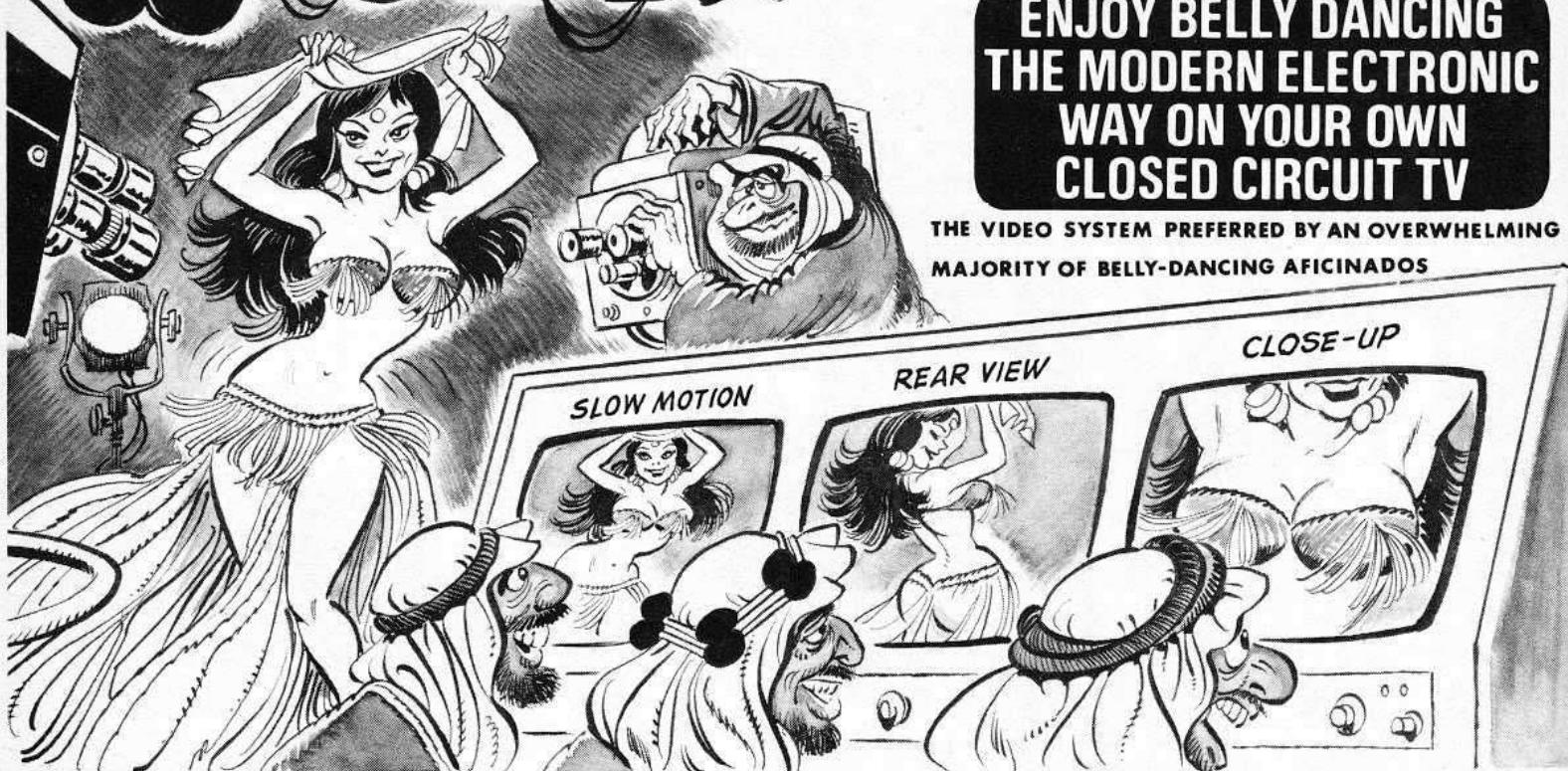


WHIPLASH



CAMEL SPRING FEVER

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTS



ENJOY BELLY DANCING
THE MODERN ELECTRONIC
WAY ON YOUR OWN
CLOSED CIRCUIT TV

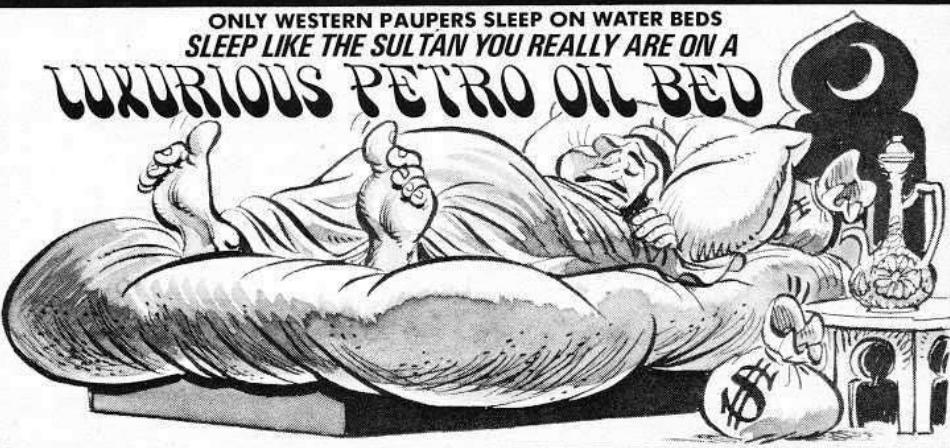
THE VIDEO SYSTEM PREFERRED BY AN OVERWHELMING
MAJORITY OF BELLY-DANCING AFICINADOS

WHEN YOU'VE GOT 32
MOTHERS-IN-LAW
YOU'VE GOT AN
HEXEDRIN HEADACHE

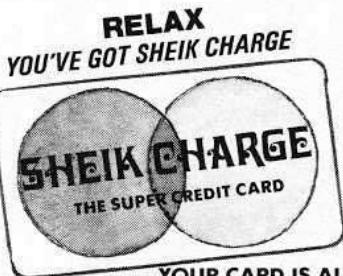
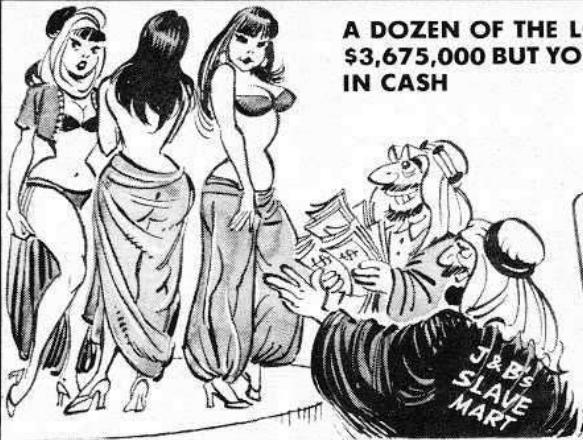


THE SUPER HEADACHE
REMEDY MADE
ESPECIALLY FOR SHEIKS,
SULTANS AND SHAHS

ONLY WESTERN PAUPERS SLEEP ON WATER BEDS
SLEEP LIKE THE SULTAN YOU REALLY ARE ON A
LUXURIOUS PETRO OIL BED

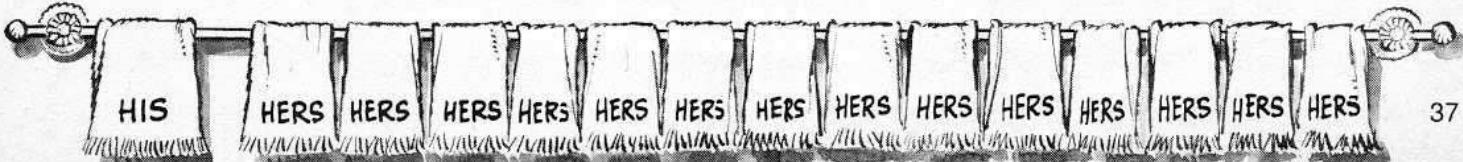


A DOZEN OF THE LONG-STEMMED ONES COST
\$3,675,000 BUT YOU'VE GOT ONLY \$2,788,000
IN CASH



YOUR CARD IS ALSO
GOOD FOR BUYING UP STORES,
RESTAURANTS AND BANKS

AVOID THE CONFUSION OF SATURDAY BATH NIGHT WITH A HAREM TOWEL RACK



The kiddie shows on the air these days have lost all their class. "Sesame Street," "The Electric Company" and even "Captain Kangaroo" see as their main goal, learning, and are devoid of any personality. Where are the days of the fun people like Soupy Sales and Buffalo Bob Smith — grown men who came on, joked with the viewers, did some silly things; in other words, dressed up and made total fools out of themselves and all the kids who were watching them. You know the programs we mean. Those like:

THE MAJOR MOOSE SHOW

Major Moose!
Oh, Major Moose!

Who's calling? Who is that? Oh, are you little bums here already? Couldn't bother Mommy and Daddy and leave the old Major alone, could you? Well come on in.

Today, do we have a great show for you. I'm gonna read you a story, show you some cartoons, pass along the race results . . .

Oh Major Moose . . .

Who is that?

Oh Major Moose . . .

THOUGHT
OF THE
DAY

"BE TRUE TO YOUR
TEETH OR THEY
WILL BE FALSE
TO YOU!"

Why it's your old pal Mr. Foot. How's it going?

A pretty-a good. Listen, I gotta joke-a for you. Whad'da ya call a hula hoop with a nail-a in it?

I don't know. What do you call a hula hoop with a nail in it?

HAND PUPPET

FISTICUFF

A navel
destroyer.

That'sa pretty good, no?

No!—So, what letter of the alphabet are you going to teach us today?

"X"!—Likea the way you sign-a your name.

And what begins with the letter X?

I write'em down for you.

OH, MAJOR MOOOOSE
VERY STRONG FIST...
COULD USE IT IN THE
"HANDY HARDY" SERIES

Well enough of you Mr. Foot. Why don't you go to sleep? What's say, kiddies? Let's watch a cartoon.

Hey, it's dark in here!

MAJOR MOOSE

What's a man my age doing here?!

Did you like that one boys and girls? Oh, I know you did—that's why I've been showing it to you for the last 200 weeks straight.

BE YOURSELF
IT'S SAFER
THAN YOU
THINK!

BOWL ME ONE
WOOD

HUMPTY DUMPTY

X-ray. Xavier Cugat. Xcellent. (Cough). 'Scuse—I getta chalk in my mouth.

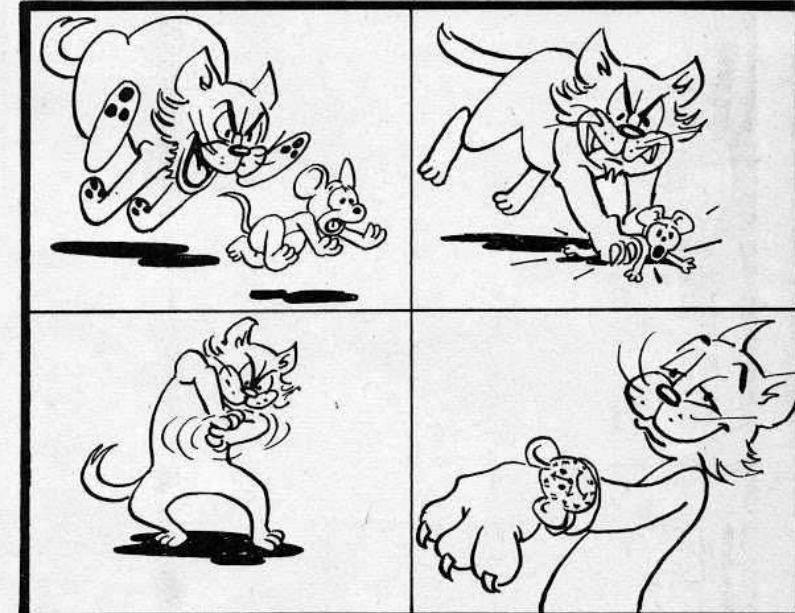
What about Xylophone?

Hey Major-a Moose no fool-a me. Xylophone, she begin-a with the letter Z.

XTRA
XPIMATE
XCERCISI

CHARLEY WEIGH
WAS HERE

ARE POLISH
PEOPLE, NOT
LIVING IN
THE SOUTH-
NORTH POLES?



Did you like that one boys and girls? Oh, I know you did—that's why I've been showing it to you for the last 200 weeks straight.

And now you little rascals it's story time and the old Major, of course, has invited another little viewer out there to come to the studio and be read to.



And what's your name and age?

Jerry Crumbdorf
and I'm five.

That's a pretty heavy growth you've
got there for a five-year-old, Jerry.

Mommy told me that
if I ate my spinach it
would put hair on my
chest.

Seems to me the
hairs got mixed up
on which way to go.

O.K., today's story is "Jack and the Beanstalk."
—After ever happily lived all they and fell giant
the and . . .

Hey Major Moose!

Yeah?

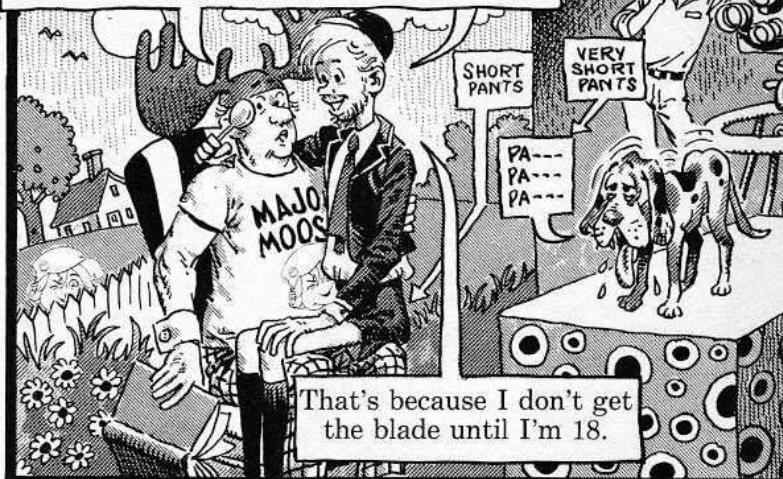
You're reading that
book backwards.

Well what do you know!

Your daddy should
let you shave.

Oh he does. He gave me
a razor when I was four.

Then I'd say you missed a few spots.



That's because I don't get
the blade until I'm 18.

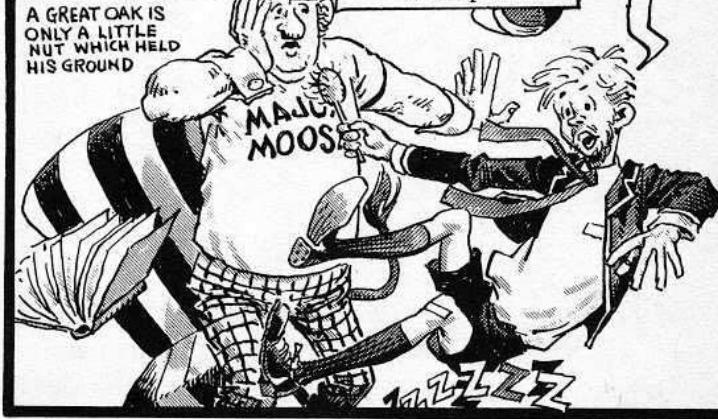
Well I never liked
that story anyway.

Does that mean story time is
over?

You'd better believe it. Now get off
my knee you big dope.

Want a No-Doz
for it?

My foot is falling
asleep.



CRACKED is trying to mug somebody
on the street with an electric razor . . .

O.K.—tell you what. It's time for one of
you homeviewers out there to have a
story read to him and the Major has
picked a card at random from out of the
magic drum and it's Cynthia Caldwell.



40

Cynthia?

Yes.

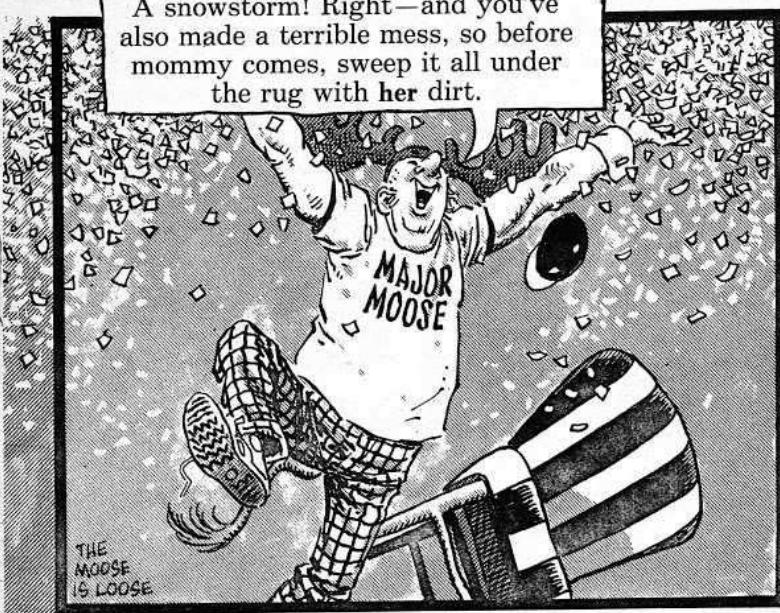
O.K., why don't you just hop
onto my knee—there, I'll place
the phone in my lap and read
you a story.



Nasty little thing. Well, instead, I'll show all of you out there what you can make with this plain sheet of paper—without even the aid of scissors! I know how clumsy some of you are.



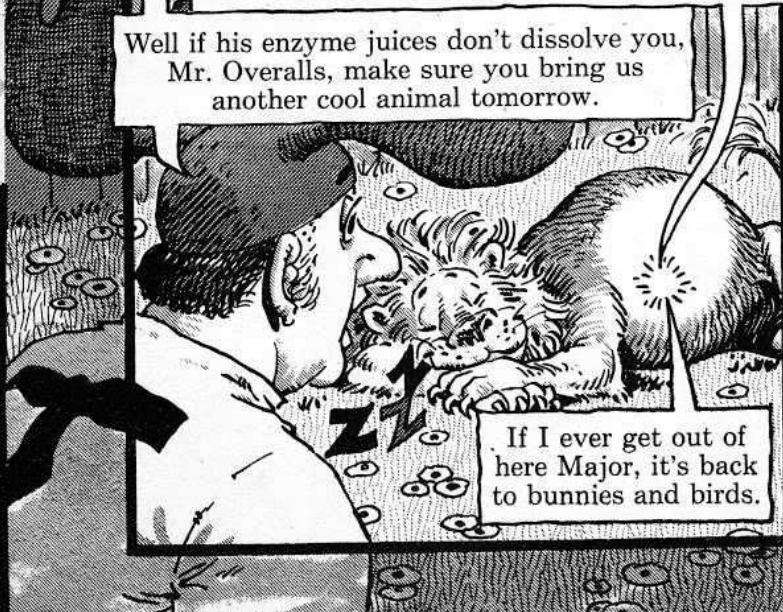
A snowstorm! Right—and you've also made a terrible mess, so before mommy comes, sweep it all under the rug with her dirt.



Wow! A lion! Tell us a little about this beast Mr. Overalls.

Well, he's about four feet high, has sharp teeth, a stomach capable of holding a man and will eat just about anything when he's hungry.

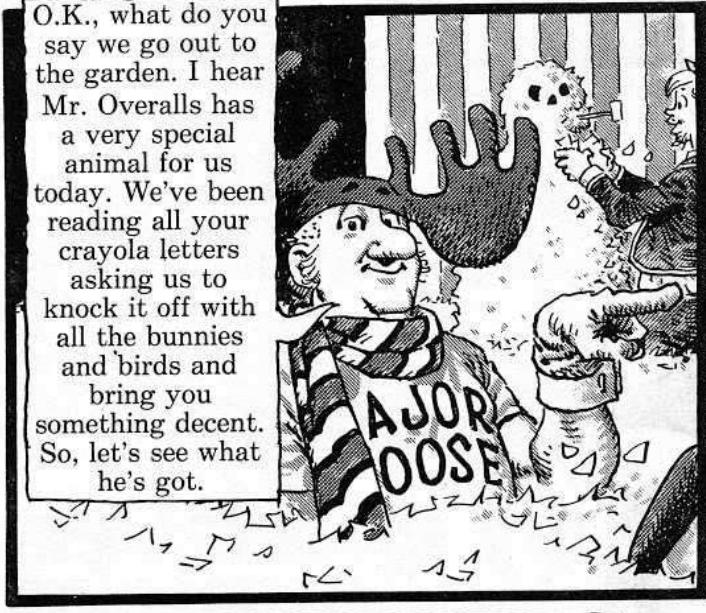
Well if his enzyme juices don't dissolve you, Mr. Overalls, make sure you bring us another cool animal tomorrow.



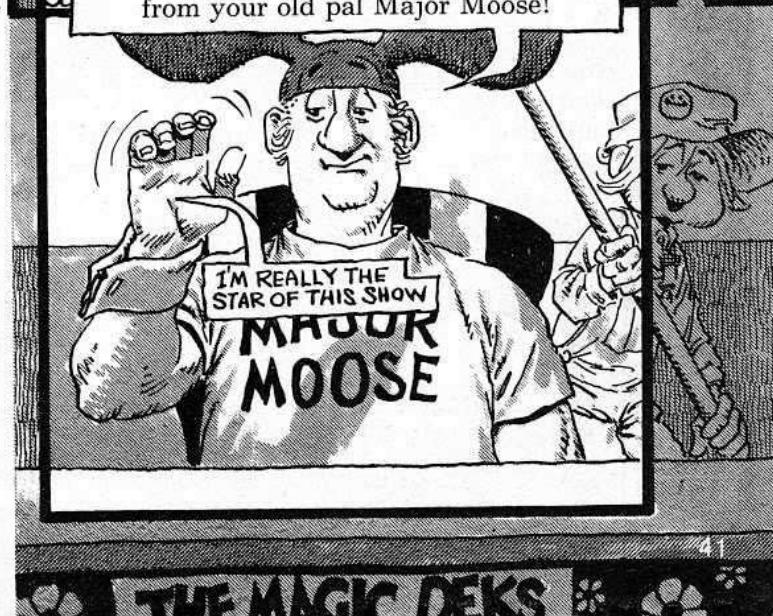
First, tear it in half. Then in quarters—and do you know what comes after quarters? Right! Half dollars. Then rip it into eighths, 16ths, then 64ths—uh oh, I forgot 32nds, so let's go back and rip it into 32nds now and then 128ths. And after you've done that, throw all of this into the air and you know what you've made?



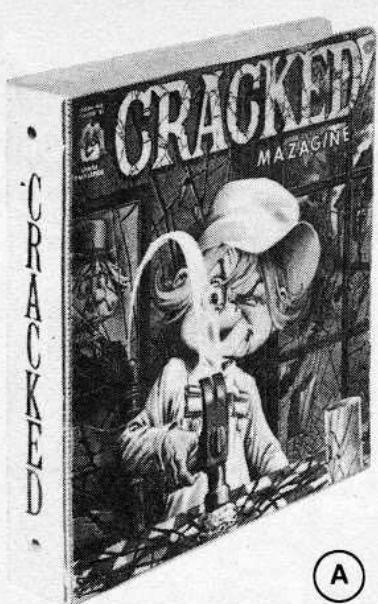
O.K., what do you say we go out to the garden. I hear Mr. Overalls has a very special animal for us today. We've been reading all your crayola letters asking us to knock it off with all the bunnies and birds and bring you something decent. So, let's see what he's got.



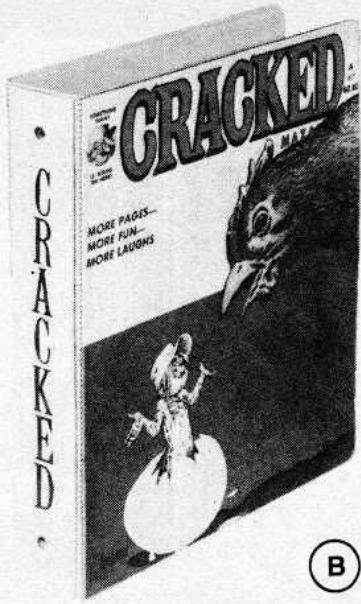
Well, that's about all the time we've got. Don't forget to tune in tomorrow . . . but that'll be kind of hard for you little rascals since the old Major isn't seen on Saturdays. Got you again!—Well, so long from your old pal Major Moose!



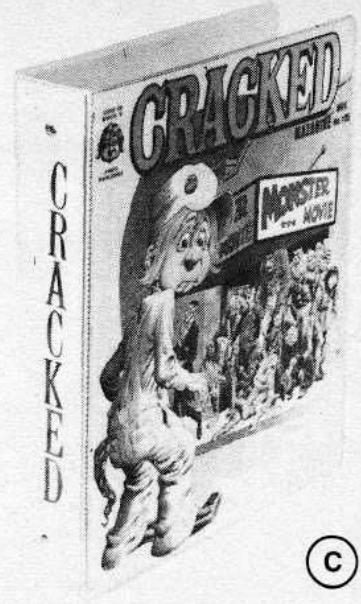
THE MAGIC DEKS



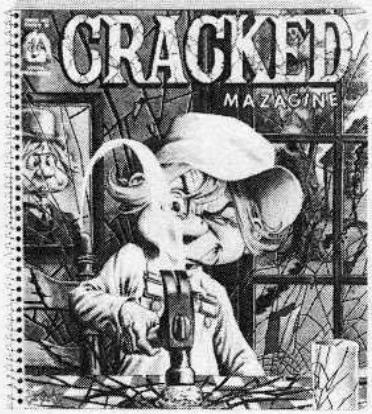
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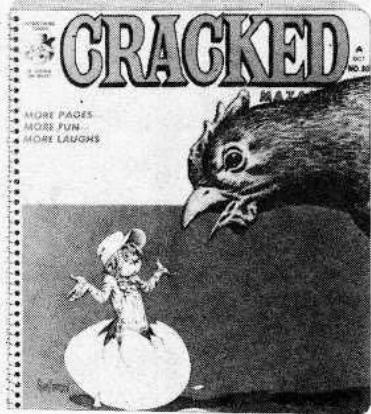
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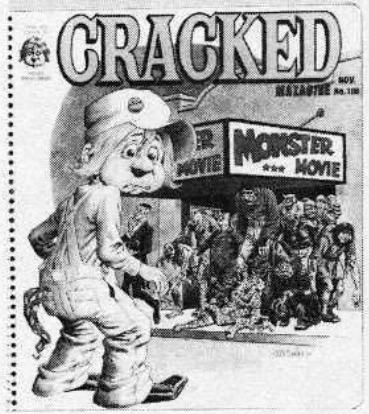
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E



F

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_____	NOTEBOOK "E"	_____
_____	NOTEBOOK "F"	_____

Plus 50¢ each for handling and mailing

please print carefully Total remittance \$ _____

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

ZIP _____

George Orwell's 1984 was the first book to use the phrase "Big brother is watching," but today, in an era of Watergate and wiretaps, it seems that not only is big brother hanging out, but little sister is also right in there with him. How do these men work? Who hires them? Well, you'll soon find out as ...

CRACKED INTERVIEWS

THE SURVEILLANCE KING

Nanny Dickering here. This month CRACKED has sent me to the I.C.U. Surveillance Company to interview the top man in the trade—Mr. Tom Peeping.

Greetings, Mr. Peeping, I'm ...

S-h-h-h! Don't you know that it's impolite to interrupt someone's conversation.

Oh, I'm sorry, but I didn't hear you speaking.

Not my conversation ...

... theirs!!

You're listening to that man and woman talk, way over in that other building?

Actually Nanny, they're not talking ...

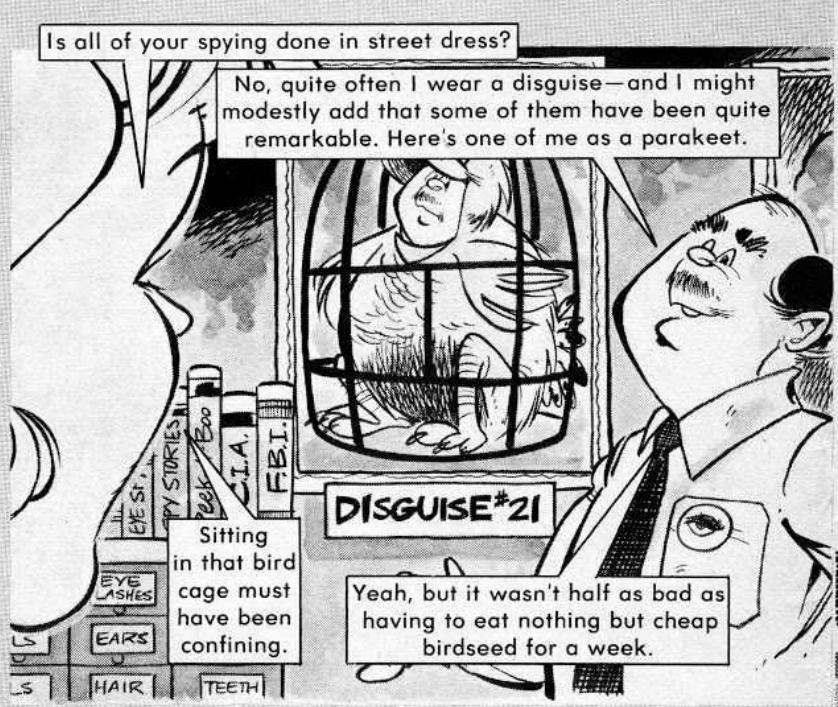
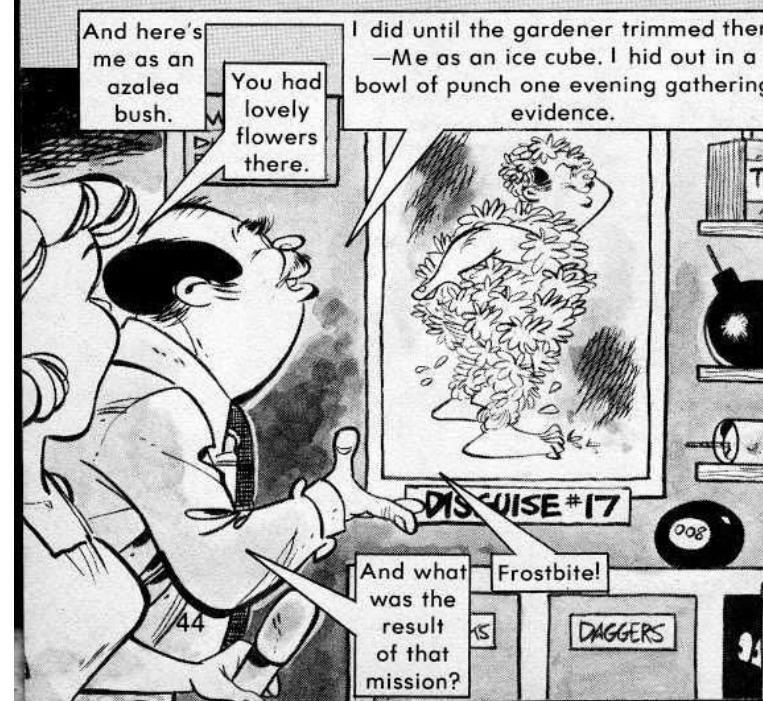
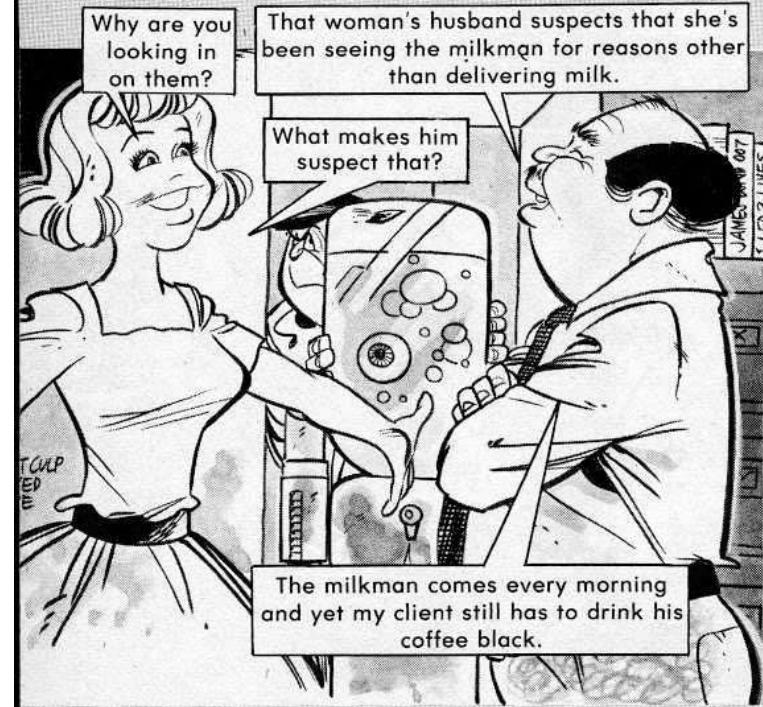
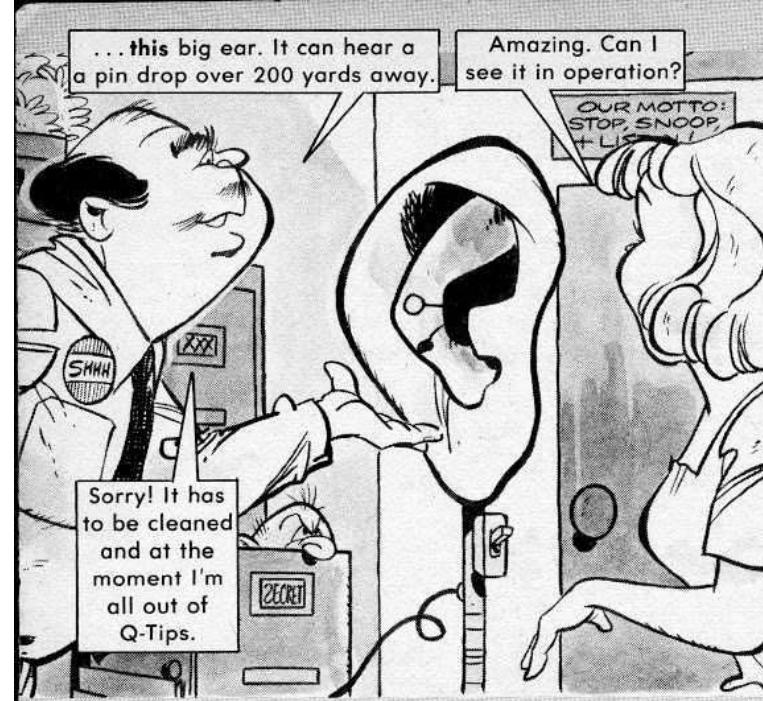
They're whispering.

Do you always use hidden microphones to eavesdrop?

No, sometimes I use my big ear.

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you had a personal defect.

No, dummy, not my big ear ...



Ah, Mr. Peeping, this isn't exactly what I pictured when you said we'd be going to a fashion show. Couldn't the promoters have given you better seats?

Nanny, the people running this didn't give me **any** seats. I'm filming it for one of their competitors.

Is this what you call industrial spying?

Nanny, industrial research sounds better.

You deny this is spying?

I didn't say I denied it. All I said was that industrial research sounded better.

Well, did you enjoy the show?

I'm afraid I saw very little of it hiding in that piano.

Perhaps, but you gotta admit one thing.

What?

You heard the music better than anyone else.

EXIT



What is your man doing in there?

He's spying on the kid in the checkered shirt.

Really! Who hired him?

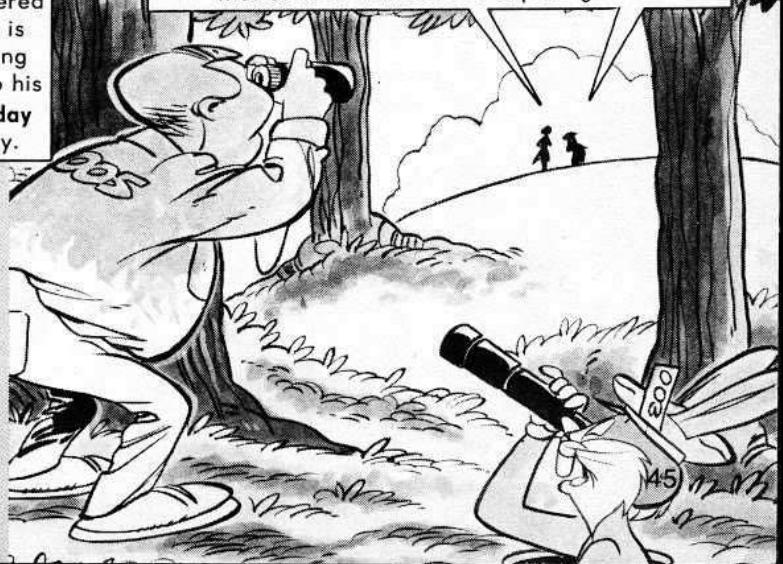
The kid in the brown sunsuit. My man's gathering party information for him.

Is he trying to see if the kid in the checkered shirt is a member of the Communist party?

No, he's trying to see if the kid in the checkered shirt is inviting him to his birthday party.

Isn't that kind of petty spying?

In a society where everyone is trying to keep his actions secret from everyone else, it's nice to know that at least someone is exposing it all.



By the way Nanny,
you'd better pay the
\$11.98 you owe Sear's for
the dress you're wearing.

I have access
to all the C.I.A.
dossiers.

How did
you know
about that?

I'm in the
dossiers?!!

Yes.

In one
general word?

Americans!

Can you give me a simplified
breakdown on the types
of people that are
in those files?

You mean
everyone living
in the United States
is being spied on?

Not everyone.
As people are
declared "safe,"
they're eliminated
from the files.

Who were
the most
recently
removed?

George
and Martha
Washington.

TOP
SECRET

CRACKED
MAGS

HSMH
HSMH

BOTTOM
SECRET

POST
NO
BILLS



I see a
slight
lump in
your breast
pocket.
I bet that's
a hidden
microphone.

Wrong—

Can you
give my
readers
some tips on
wiretapping?

Well, when
a bugger dresses,
he should
look as
natural as
possible.



And what clever
little device
do you have
hidden in that
brown paper bag?

Something no
bugger going
on a long
surveillance
mission should
be without.

His
earphones?
—his lunch!
You get hungry
hanging around
empty closets
all day long.



I have to admit that I feel a little uneasy talking to you—sort of like whatever I say now may one day be held against me.

Nonsense, Nanny. I don't record everything I do or say.

That's a relief.

Would you mind repeating that. I don't think the bowl of fruit on the table heard you.

Don't you feel guilty listening in on other people's conversations?

Nanny, the first amendment guarantees free speech in the privacy of your own home.

Then you do feel guilty?

Surveillance people must have very strange conventions. Where are they held?

In everyone's own office. Once a year we just bug each other's place for a week and learn what the latest developments are that way.

Tell me sir, what's that wire there?

Wire?—Oh my gosh, Nanny! This office is bugged!!

On the contrary. I'm not listening in the privacy of anyone's home—I'm in a truck two miles away.

Convention time?

This is disgraceful. Disgusting.

Well Nanny, that'll have to be it. I gotta go and find a new bugproof place to operate from.

Is there anyplace in America free from surveillance?

I doubt it!—Wait! There is somewhere that would never be bugged because nothing of any importance ever happens there.

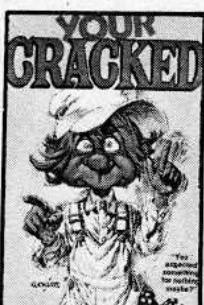
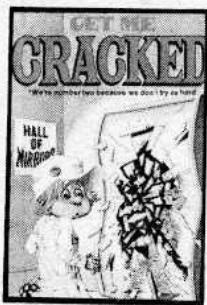
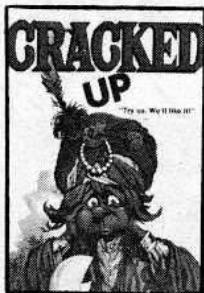
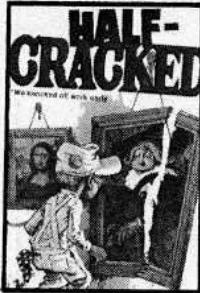
And where's that?

The offices of CRACKED!

And this is Nanny Dickering signing off reminding you that these days, not only do the walls have ears—but they have eyes as well!



HEY, YOU!



We've got what you're looking for—something to kill in those dull times between the regular issues of CRACKED and commercials. And don't forget, they really will fit in your pocket!

MAJOR MAGAZINES
235 Park Avenue South
New York, N.Y. 10003

Please send me the CRACKED paperbacks I have checked. I am enclosing the indicated price of each one plus 25¢ mailing and fondling charge.

- CRACKED UP 95¢
- HALF CRACKED 75¢
- GET ME CRACKED... 75¢
- YOUR CRACKED. ... 95¢

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Total \$ _____

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STANLEY

by Murray Ball

Continuing the adventures of the Great Palaeolithic Hero

"I TELL YOU
DOG, IT'S
FRIGHTENING!"



"Medical science has
Torn the lid off what
we eat and exposed
the PERILS lurking in it—



"SUGAR IS BAD FOR YOU—
AND CREAM AND POTATOES
AND CAKES AND SWEETS..."



"...SOFT DRINKS, POPCORN, BUNS,
FATTY MEAT, BREAD, JAM,
SUET PLUDDING, TREACLE
TART, BEER, SAUSAGE ROLLS,
FRIED EGGS, ICE CREAM,
CRISPS—



"I MEAN FOOD CAN
KILL
YOU!"

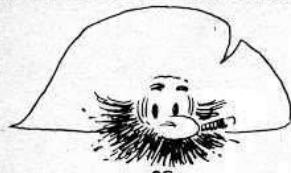


NOT AS QUICK AS
NO FOOD!

SPLIT!



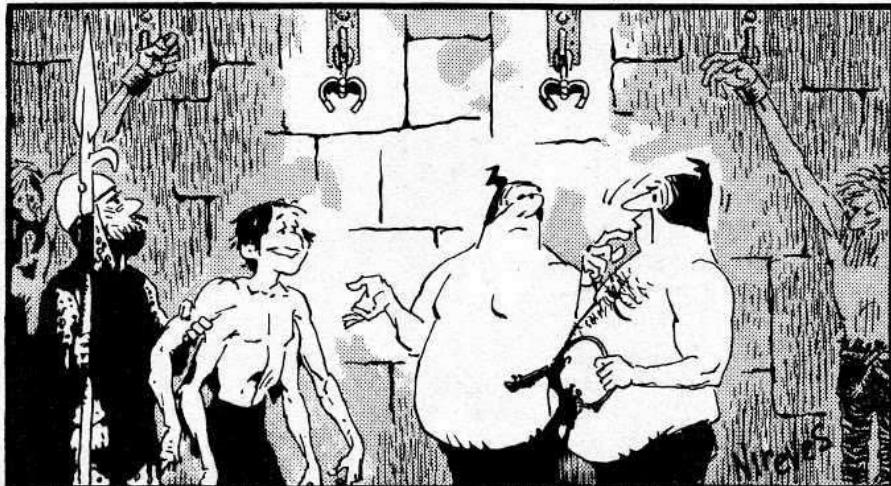
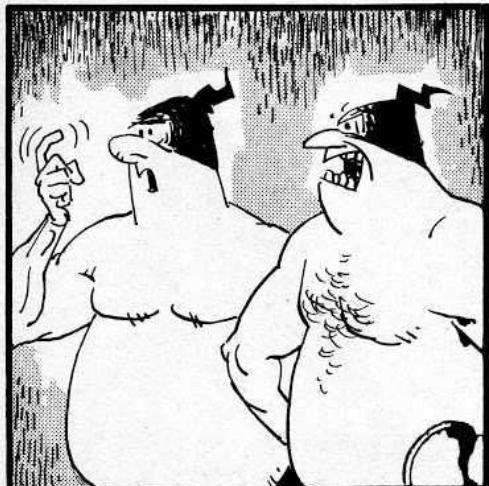
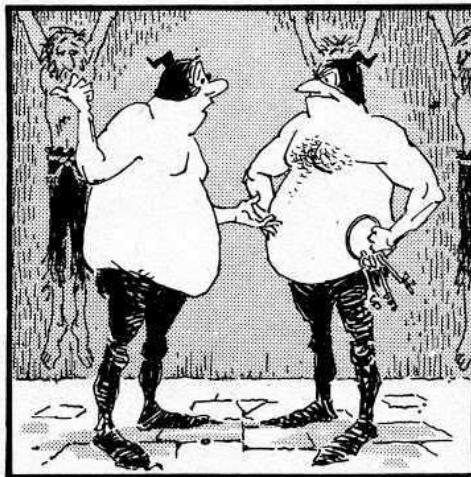
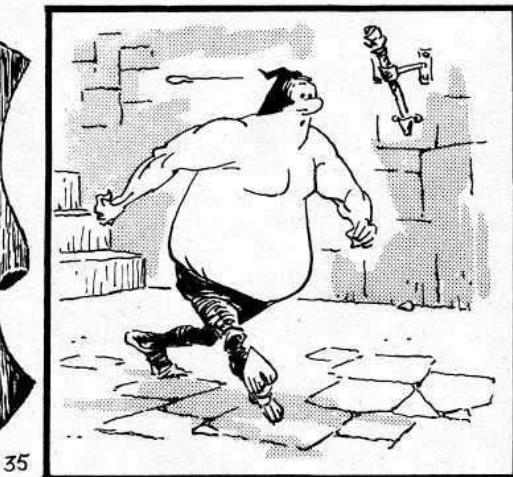
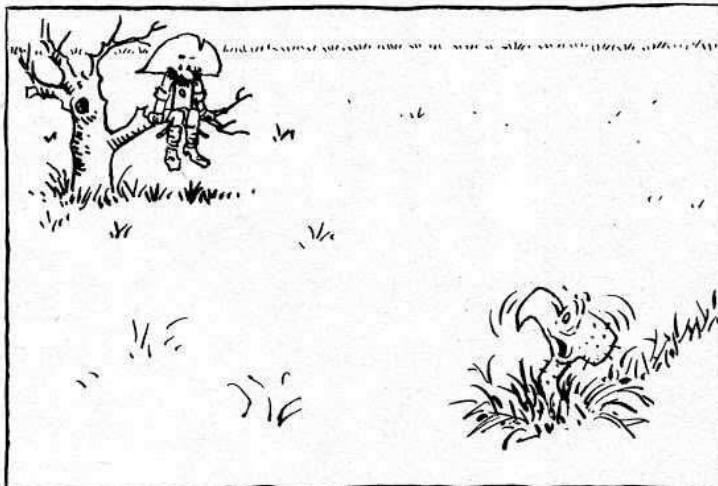
SAGEBRUSH



OR
THIS IS THE WEST??

by
SEVERIN

34



SHUT-UPS

CRACKED'S SECRET MESSAGE!

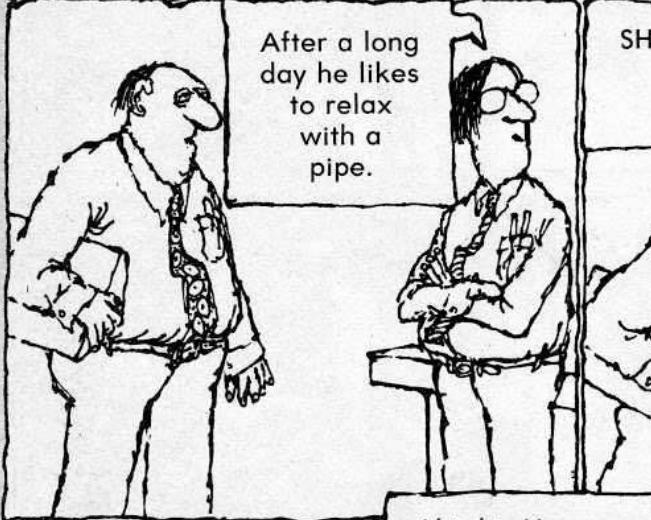
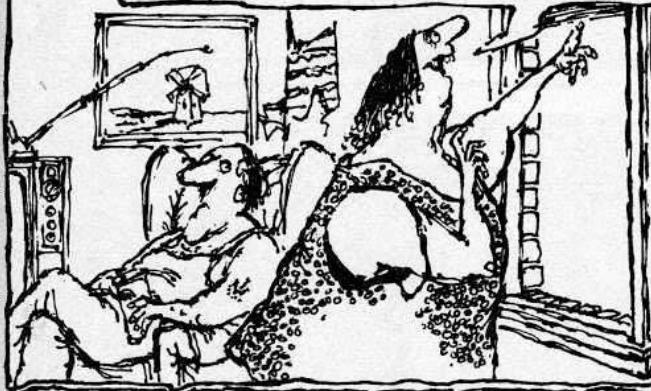
HOLD TO MIRROR

Leopold, look! Our hopes, our dreams!
A new home, that boat you've always
wanted, a European vacation!
It's a sign from above—
a good year is coming!

SHUT-UP!
That's just an
advertisement!!!

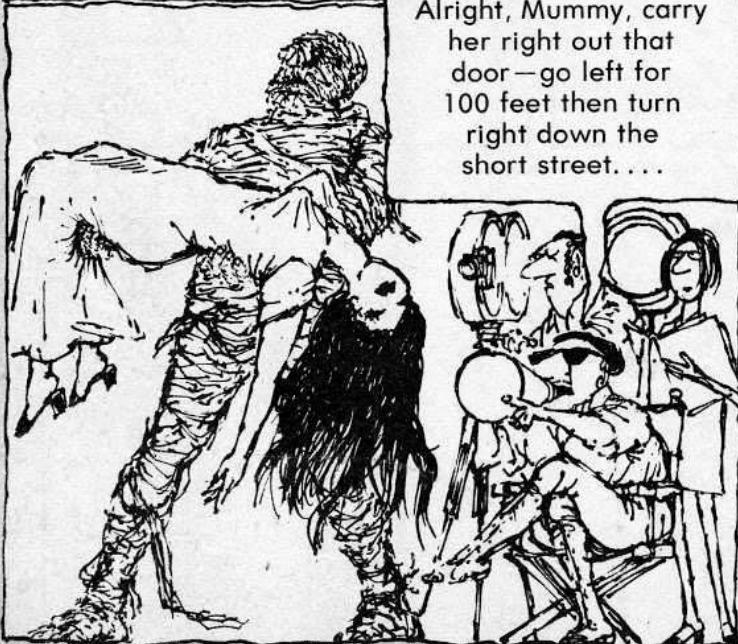
GOODYEAR

ATTENTION, AGENT SX-B, BUDDAPESI, HUNGARY
CODED MESSAGE FOR WORDS:
JAF33 DATE 33088 8TE3B
SEIWT LOGEF 351X8 PRPA.
SWALFOM THIS MESSAGE WILTS DEXTRIN
CONTAINS LEGITHIN WILTS DEXTRIN
CIRCUS PROBLEME TO REWARD SPOLIE.



SHUT-UP! Give him a cigarette!
He's not here to relax with a pipe!

CIGARETTE
RESEARCH INC.



**IF YOU WANT IN,
GO AROUND TO THE
BACK OF THIS SIGN**

GREAT MOMENTS IN INDUSTRY

PALERMO NOVEMBER 3, 1889 ITALY



GIOVANNI GRAPPELLI INTRODUCES
MASS-PRODUCTION TO WINE-MAKING.